

CAVALCADE

AUGUST 1st



★ WE MARRIED WITHOUT **LOVE**

THE PRINCE WHO DIED TWICE



For Quality Suits
Crusader
Cloth
 GUARANTEED
 SEVEN TO
 FIVE OR SPRING



Cavalcade

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DUNLOP BATTERIES

for
MAXIMUM POWER



We Married *without* **LOVE**

Faced with a lonely old age these people made a compromise of convenience

MY husband and I are happy and contented. We lead a normal married life. But we are not, and never have been, in love with each other.

I was 35 when I made my decision. I would not marry. At that time I did not know who my husband would be.

But once my decision was made, I was quite determined I wouldn't go back on it. I would not about feeling myself a husband.

Love seemed to have passed me by. I am not ugly and I have a reasonably good personality. Between the ages of 15 and 30 I had several opportunities to marry, but I was looking for romance and a deep, overwhelming love. I didn't find either.

At 35, a single woman feels the

first pang of loneliness. She may have a career, plenty of friends, and other "interests." Nevertheless, the painful thoughts that come with the realization of lonely years ahead are insuperable.

I started myself with my decision. A close friend of mine, a comely woman with a brood of children, asked me one day if I regretted not having married. My answer was all ready to roll off the usual prompt, "Of course not." But to my surprise I caught the words before they were out, and instead I said, "Yes."

Even my friend seemed surprised. I tried to laugh it off.

"It would be nice to have someone to hold my shoes at hockey week when I run around the eighty track. We old Durbys and Joan touch."

But when I got home, I did some

head thinking. I was sorry I hadn't married Deep within every woman is a yearning for a home security and children. She is not completely happy unless she has them. Apparently I was no exception.

What could I do about it? I was sure I had never been in love. I did not think I had the capacity to fall in love. There was no one whom my noble aspirations that could possibly stir my feeling in this regard. How then could I hope to marry now?

There was only one answer: Marry without love.

Was love such an essential part of marriage? Would it be possible to establish a partnership on a basis of respect, liking, mutual interest and understanding? In return for the security he would offer, the children he would father, I was certain I could give my marriage partner comfort, contentment and even happiness—provided he did not demand love.

I met Arthur a few months later at a friend's home. I think the friend's intention in bringing us together was sweetly restrained.

Arthur was 42. He wasn't handsome, but there was character in his face. He had a good position and apparently respectable habits.

There was mutual approval as we shook hands. The thought passed through my mind that if I were selected a husband as the best I had recently considered desirable, Arthur was a man who would answer my requirements.

He telephoned me and invited me to dinner next day. A month later he asked me to marry him.

I wasn't surprised. I had already decided that should he ask me, I would marry him. In the short time we had known each other, we had found that we had many common interests. We enjoyed each other's company. Both of us were tolerant and understanding and I saw no reason why our lives should not run along smoothly together.

Only one thing worried me. If Arthur was in love with me, it might not work out. I would not be able to return his love. But he was

thank about his feelings towards me. "You may not want to marry me, when you hear what I have to say," he said. "But I would be grateful if you would think about it carefully before you give me your answer."

He told me that he had been in love once. The girl had seemed to marry him, but just before the wedding she had run off and married someone else.

"I don't know whether I still love her or not," he said. "But I have not forgotten her. I am sure I could not love anyone in that way again."

He said he was attracted to me from the moment we met. He wanted to marry, to have a wife and children. Knowing all that, could I marry him?

I told him a little of the thoughts I had had on marriage before I met him. That we both looked at it from almost the same viewpoint seemed to make our understanding complete.

We had a simple church ceremony with only half-a-dozen close friends present. Everyone was delighted with the match, and so one seemed to think there was anything out of the ordinary about our wedding.

Our honeymoon was a short one. I had decided to keep my job for a few months until we were able to find a home. In the meantime we were to live in my apartment. Neither of us could afford the time from our work for an extended trip. We merely took a few days to get Arthur's belongings shifted over, and settled in the apartment. There was a play we both wanted to see, so we made it our honeymoon celebration.

Arthur and I have been married three years. Our first child is eighteen months old. Our second will be born in five months.

We spend six months each year on a house-hunting. At last we found a place that suited us both and we moved in. We shared her room and furnished them together. Then I took up the full time job of housewife and hostess.

It is necessary that we do a considerable amount of entertaining. Arthur's position demands it. As

well as his business associates, we entertain our own friends—married couples who come in for dinner and bridge or to spend the evening talking. We read their homes, too, and Arthur is always ready to meet us whenever I want to go.

We have our own and our own small library. Arthur belongs to a men's club, and I am a member of several women's organizations. One of the baby sitters a large portion of my day. My life is not an idle one.

I am sure I could not bring a more thoughtful or considerate husband. Arthur frequently brings me home bits of flowers or chocolates, or sometimes a book I have wanted to read. He never forgets my birthday or our wedding anniversary, and when Janet, our little daughter, was born, he gave me an emerald set as a platinum ring.

He is a good father too, and Janet worships him.

In the three years we have been married, neither of us has again mentioned love in connection with our relationship. We have, at times, adopted little words of endearment, and naturally there is a bond of affection between us. We have complete respect for each other.

I don't ask Arthur when he is gone if he has to go out in the evening, but usually he pays me the courtesy of telling me. If he doesn't, I feel no resentment. There is no reason why I should.

We have a nice home. It has every convenience and comfort. Arthur's salary is a good one and he is not mean. In addition to the money he allows me for housekeeping, he makes me a generous personal allowance. He is not careless as to how I spend it.

I have never resented my decision to marry. My life now is a happy, fuller one than I ever knew while I was single. I am convinced that bearing children is necessary for the fulfillment of a woman's happiness. I do not think that women should be deprived of this happiness because they have not fallen in love. Many can let the responsibility of marriage slip by for the same reason.

Rather than face the later years of life alone, everyone should choose a partner who will provide them with the companionship they should have.

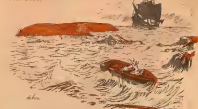
I have not overlooked the possibility that either my husband or I might fall in love with someone else. Although I think this possibility is now remote, particularly as far as I myself am concerned, I will admit it exists. If Arthur should ever cease to see and feel me as he is, love with another woman, I shall be quite willing to give him his freedom. I am sure Arthur would do the same for me. Our marriage was not a contract of love, but of mutual understanding that should see us through such a happening.

Many a reader may raise his eyebrows over this statement. I can only reflect that so often a temporary passion is mistaken for love, that so sweet bargains based on mutual respect may have just as much for more chance than such a passion.



She seemed to be some exotic foreigner
for because a lover of Neapolitan Music.

(FRANK SARAC)



STRANGE CAREER OF PRINCESS CARABOO

DARK was nothing new the village of Almondbury, in England. The people who lived in one of the cottages on High Street were surprised to hear a gentle knock at their front door. The rest of the house went outside to investigate. Presently he called, "Mother, come here!"

The wife went out to join her husband standing by the door she saw a young woman, strangely dressed.

"She seems dull," the husband said. "I can't make out a word of what she's saying!"

Neither could the wife. Both confessed, from signs the stranger made, that she wanted to sleep the night in their cottage. Disturbed by the unusual, they decided to consult the local magistrate, a Mr. Worrall.

The husband took the four strangers to the home of Mr. Worrall and finally left her there. The magistrate read his wife took her in and looked her over. They were just as puzzled as the cottagers had been.

The woman was dressed in a black gown a black cotton head-stead, and a red-and-black shawl over her shoulders. These clothes were draped so that they gave an Oriental effect.

"Well, I don't know," the magistrate said. "Perhaps she has papers?" He made a gesture towards the woman's pocket. She seemed to understand that, and produced from the pocket a few papers and a precious tapestry, which did not help Mr. Worrall one bit.

"The poor thing looks tired," Mrs. Worrall said. "We'll put her to bed and try to puzzle it all out in the morning."

Shown the bed in the spare room the woman shook her head at it and lay down on the floor. Mrs. Worrall demonstrated the use of the bed to her. After some moments of doubt, she committed to be there, and was soon fast asleep.

Morning found the stranger as unable to cope with any known kind of language as ever. Word of her res-

ing had spread, and members of the Oriental drops of her dainties brought several local clergymen along with words of advice from Eastern countries. These were shown to her, and twice than she chose out of two despotic China as being of some interest.

A step forward was made when Mrs. Worrall, in what must have been quite a noise, gave her religiously harem and cried, "Worrall, Worrall!" The stranger, keeping a straight face, held her own breast and cried, "Gee-hoo, Carboo!"

This provided her with a name, but did not clear up the mystery of her wife. Was she the Oriental she seemed? Where had she come from? How had she reached Almondbury?

Mrs. Worrall put the question to Carboo directly on the second day. Was she an impostor? The girl answered with a fine flow of language in her own extraordinary tongue. The magistrate's wife decided that someone she could hear the burden, and took the girl to a house for destitute at Bristol, where she left her.

Carboo's answers went to Bristol with her, attracting to the home crowds of the curious, many of whom brought with them parcels of various race and color who might possibly speak Carboo's language. Of these, a Portuguese man had lived in a Malaga prison to understand the girl's language. After conversation with her, he stated that she claimed to be a Princess of royal blood, deposed by pirates from her island home of Java, in the Indies, and brought to England, where she had been abandoned by them.

The papers of the day were following Carboo's story, and Mrs. Worrall, reading the account of the Portuguese man, felt that she had behaved unjustly towards the unfortunate girl. She went to Bristol and brought the Princess back to the village.

So reinstated, the Princess began her reign. As far as the Worrall household was concerned, it was a reign of terror. The Princess took to dressing more strongly than ever, wore her hair piled up and fastened with a metal shower, made herself

a bow and arrow, wore a stick in a sword, and sometimes added to this costume such accessories as a gong worn on her back, a tomahawk carried in her hand, and flowers and feathers added to her coat.

Although the Princess did her best to live a village existence was a dull one. It was called on one used to a royal court. There came a day when Carboo dropped her bow and arrow and set out for the town of Bath, then the place of fashion in England.

The ladies of Bath, and the attention toward people who frequented them, received Princess Carboo with cheeks of delight, and not all of them nearly shared delight. When Mrs. Worrall read accounts of the girl at Bath she set out to rescue the poor native creature.

Mrs. Worrall found Carboo attended in a salon crowded with fashionable people, all of them eagerly waiting to be introduced. Women knelt before her, and some begged her blessing. Mrs. Worrall found Carboo in no hurry to return to Almondbury.

During the Bath period many wealthy people showed great interest in the Princess. A gentleman doctor named Whidgen wrote a long paper on her, which was published in the "Bath Chronicle." In the report he said that her mode of diet appeared to favour the Indians, since she was fond of vegetables local with curry, that she was a neat, modest person, very courteous where men were concerned. In taking leave of people, she would touch the left side of her forehead to women and the right side to men. Her tongue remained unknown, the doctor reported. Some writing she had produced on request had been shown to various authorities, some of whom claimed it was not any kind of writing, while others saw in it traces of Javanese.

On a certain day of the week, it was observed, Carboo liked to go to a high point of the landscape and pay her daylong respects to the sun. She greatly inferior to her duty as "Aile Tuleh."

Unhappily for Carboo, the doctor's

WHO LOVES LOVERS?

The world it loves a lover
At everybody knows,
The place is many a maiden's
eye
The look of it plainly shows
But she saw why loves a lover
most
It led the eye to court her,
But that for more early hours
type
The sex divorce reported!

more jobs than a swisscheese has holes on account of her high-flying imagination.

Ruth was fringed with Mary Baker. Now the kind-hearted Mrs. Worsall testifies to the story. Feeling that the girl had done nothing terrible, Mrs. Worsall arranged her passage to America, care of a missionary society.

So, in the year 1845, we find Mary Baker setting sail for America, where her vivid imagination should have earned her well. But this same imagination took her from the ship en route to the New World, and deposited her on the shores of St. Helena, and briefly in the arms of the exile, Napoleon Bonaparte.

The ship she travelled on happened to be blown off its course and brought, as right of the island. While it was tacking off the shore, Mary Baker climbed down into one of the small boats stowed at the stern of the ship. Luck favored her when she cut the boat free. It fell astern as the water. The ship went on under a driving wind, and the girl rowed for St. Helena.

Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's ruler, was the first to meet the girl. He did not want Mary Baker, but the Princess Cariboo. In spite of any doubts he may have had about her, Sir Hudson accepted her story, which was of her royal blood and the surly way this blood had been treated in England. It was an altar of low woman. Cariboo was temporarily accepted. Napoleon found her very interesting.

A report taken from a letter written by Sir Hudson reads: "He (Napoleon) embraced her with every demonstration of enthusiastic capture and brought Sir Hudson that she might be allowed an apartment in his house, declaring that she alone was an adequate solace to his captivity."

Writing in a private letter, another member of the Emperor's compulsory retinue said, "Since the arrival of this lady the establishment and figure of Bonaparte appear to be wholly altered. From being reserved and depressed, he has become gay and conversative. Also he has estimated to

Sir Hudson his determination to apply to the Pope for a dispensation to dissolve his marriage with Marie Louise and to wed her with the exiling Cariboo."

History is fairly dramatic on the point that Napoleon, in his love affairs and marriage, was unable to find a partner who was satisfactory to him, and it may well be the irony of fate that this strange creature, who so marked the world upon which she appeared, was the very creature who would have made him happy—but was not allowed to do so. Such an attachment to the Napoleonic career would be, indeed, dear to the hearts of the apostates if it would be, too, a fitting climax to the strange career of Princess Cariboo who was obviously one of the greater fantasies of her time. For Mary Baker, after her career career of imposture, seemed to find a good deal of happiness in the presence of the ex-world conqueror, though it is doubtful whether she

realized fully the history and status of the little man who, on this lonely island, found her to be such an interesting creature. It is, indeed, equally doubtful whether, once embraced on her impersonation again, she kept an inner realization of her true identity; certainly she seemed more than willing to do everything within her power to make Napoleon happy.

These things did not come to pass. The next ship at St. Helena took Mary Baker back to England. It may be presumed that Napoleon was doubtful, if the reports of his infatuation for the girl were true. Neither England nor the Pope was inclined to favor his requests.

Of Mary Baker, who might have married Napoleon, who would almost certainly have startled the Americans with some good story, very little more is known. She seems to have returned to the economy from which she had originally climbed on the ladder of her imagination.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS No. 43

TAXI, SIR?

JOHN FERRAC



The man behind the wheel runs risks, and often drives to "danger."

If you want to write a realistic book, or if you would just like to observe a cross-section of life in the city, my advice is that you get a cab driver's tour. Without draining truth too much you could go further and say that cab driving is one of the few adventurous ways of making a living left to us in this mechanistic civilization.

I came from money to crab life with several kinds of driving licenses and the usual inability to go back to a dull steady job that lets of as bad as that time. I happened I knew a man who knew a man who ran a small city taxi service and needed a new driver. I decided to give it a go, managed to get the license to go with the job, and have never regretted the decision.

That isn't to say that driving a cab is strictly velvet. It has its bad spots. Anyone who drives a car in city traffic is running the risk of ending in hospital or the psychiatric ward, and the taxi driver rolls up

more bumps and rashes of this than anyone else you could name.

But most of the trouble lies in the fact that you have no choice in the matter of passengers. Many business reserve the right to refuse admission to undesirable characters. In our game you can't do that.

For instance, there was the day when I had dropped a fare in Pitt Street and was about to drive off when three blacks came across and asked me to drive them out to Bondi. You didn't have to be psychic to tell these were bad types. It was indicated in the way they walked and talked and in the kind of clothes they wore. I told them I was sorry but I was just about out of gas, and also due to change shifts with the relief man.

"All right," one of them said. "We'll call a rap." He went to the man on point duty and told him the sad story. I was advised to take the fare.

I drove them out to Bondi. What I could hear of their talk didn't endow

them in any way. They were loud boys and very proud of it. At Bondi two of them got out and told me to wait. The third one stayed in the car. If all three had gone in I would have put the mileage down to experience and driven off.

The two who had gone in the house came out with a woman. In the cab again, they told me to drive to Kensington. I pushed them the story of how my relief was waiting back at the garage, which wasn't true because the previous fare had been my first of the shift. They were not impressed. I drove them to the address in Kensington.

There the two men and the woman went into a house while the same guy stayed with me in the cab. Some kind of light went on in the house and then the two came out again, one of them busy counting some money, the other shaking his head knuckled.

I had no idea what the light had been about or where the woman came into it, and I didn't ask any questions. All I wanted was to be rid of them. But I didn't get rid of them until four hours later.

By that time it was after dark, and they owed me almost two pounds. They finally stopped me down in Chesham. I switched on the light and read the meter.

"Make it a round two quid," the one in front said. "And two you won't get, makes four." They all laughed.

"Well, it's been a nice trip," one of them in the back said. "I reckon we ought to give the driver something nice to remember us by." I knew damn well he wasn't thinking in terms of money.

I was doing some fine underhand curving of the back of the low who had forced them on to me when they should come around the next corner but another of Constanziano Scott's boys, one built like the side of a house.

"I reckon you'd better pay me the three quid," I said.

They gave me two, anyway, and paid out of the car. The constable came by and was very inquisitive when this cab driver called a cheery goodnight to him.

That was one of the bad ones, and there have been others when I've found myself in a tight corner. There have been times when I've nearly been an observer at somebody else's bad time.

Coming back from the North Shore one night, a woman hailed me and climbed into the car as soon as I had pulled up.

"Follow that car," she said, pointing to a tail-light way on ahead.

That joke nearly always leads to trouble. This one led all the way to Marly, and trouble. We kept a private car ahead. It stopped outside a block of flats at Marly. A man got out and went into the flats, and presently he came out again with a woman.

"Just as I thought," said my fare. "Wait for me."

She jumped out and ran along to the private car, took off her shoe, and started to beat the other woman with it. The two women wrangled with one another, the man joined in, and I stood put. In the end the man got the other woman into his car, and they drove off, but not before my fare had smashed their back window with her shoe.

That was one husband or boy-friend or whatever he was who didn't get away with his two-furms, not without a few bruises.

On another occasion I was driving back from one of the western suburbs when a girl ran out from a house to beat me. She was almost too scared to talk, but I could make out the word "hospital." Then she ran into the house and pretty soon a man came out, leading a young chap by the arm. The youth was headed up in a smothered, with the collar turned up. They got in the car, and the man asked me to get to Sydney Hospital like a snail.

They were seated in the back, and I was going over Pymont Road when I heard the man whisper the young chap's fate. At least I could hear the sound, and slowed the car to have a look. When I saw what he was doing, I told him to get it on the top of his head.

"Kick," he said. "D'you know what he's done? Cut his throat, that's

It is unfortunate, but true that Hollywood can shrug off most marriage break-ups. They are deplorable and there are too many of them. Few people feel a personal sense of shock when a screen couple decides that they are "better off apart."

But when they are Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, well we just can't take that!

No marital separation since Mary Pickford, America's sweetheart, left Douglas Fairbanks, has had the effect of the parting of the Red Sea. Just as Mary and Doug stood for all time as best in this town, so have Norma and Jane. They married so thoroughly concerned, were such model parents, who, in consequence, requested their duty to their constituency and their profession. From "Photoplay," the world's most popular film magazine

a

all." He pulled back the collar of the sweater, and sure enough.

I put my foot on the accelerator and my hand on the motor horn and I'll bet no cabulance ever traveled faster.

We have a great deal of trouble with drinks and corks and just plain nonsense. There are also people who think the taxi driver is her guest, which he often is.

I had an old woman recently hire me from one of the suburbs to town. She was fairly well dressed, seemed a quiet and sensible person. When I had driven her to the place she wanted and when I read the meter, she gave me two shillings. The meter showed five.

"That's quite enough," she said, and sailed into a cafe where you can't eat a sandwich far under ten shillings. For the sake of a potential life I put the two bob in my pocket and drove away.

A man who lived that scene went so lousy though. He put on the "two bob is all you get" not while he was still seated in the car. So I leaned across and pulled the door closed, and bawled politely to his protests while driving him to a place from which he would have a long walk back to where he had been staying.

If you have the idea that taxi drivers are wealthy men in anything

but experience let me disillusion you. We work an eight hour shift, or less if the season of petrol expires. When the daily ration allows you a hundred miles of driving, it measures the mile, this stands like good money. It isn't for several reasons.

With most cabbages the driver strikes gets one-half the proceeds and keeps his own gas, or one-third with the gas supplied to him. I work for fifty-fifty. An average day of a little over one hundred miles would return four pounds my share being two. There are plenty of men earning two pounds per day, many doing better than that.

But the two pounds is often only in theory, based on mileage. A great deal of the mileage is unprofitable. You often have a fare to a place like Heath, five miles out, with no pick-up on the return trip. So you have five miles paid for and five miles refunded. The two pounds is reduced accordingly. It is built up again by the farebills, which help.

Here I would like to write a word in defence of some of the drivers who carry "Godowns". Not all of them, because many carry cabbages to avoid fares that would mean dead mileage on the way back. But some of us have another very good reason for carrying a load in front, particularly at night.

The boys who expect you to drive

down several all night for free are still numerous, and so are the ones who ask to be driven to some deserted lane, where they hold a gun to your head and demand (see day's take). Some of them get very annoyed when they find the driver has left most of the money at the depot and has thus failed their demands.

I have been fortunate enough to escape any such fate up to now, but my number might easily come up some time. One of the drivers from this company has been in hospital for two months since he was beaten and robbed of the fifteen shillings and sixpence he had in his pocket at the time.

We have tried many ways of deterring these ugly customers, but as far as the best way is to carry a pocket of night. One man is far gone, but the boys think twice about coming at two of us.

Then again, you may read something out of the fact that during the last beer strike in Sydney, our takings fell off like nobody's business. You could understand that, as it's no secret that the men who have a few under his belt don't stop to sweat out a last-fare and wonder whether he'd seen it—he had days a cobb and drove for his small chance of the glass end of the journey. And, of course, while there is beer to drink at a night party dance, or

something of the sort, the revellers stay and drink it. When the party breaks up it's pretty late, and they have missed the last trains and taxis, so it's a taxi home for them.

The beer strike stopped that sort of thing. All parties and dances where there wasn't any beer, people started to leave early and go home by normal public transport. Men went home instead of going on a binge. When they went home, they were sober and unwilling to squander the taxi fare. So we had a pretty lean time. I've heard drivers say that the beer strike didn't make much difference to them. Well, it's a case of might as far as I'm concerned. I felt it badly.

Then again, there will always be the question in my job, of cabbies unseated before I say hello to prove that I'm a gentleman, a fact which I can never afford to forget, even when some of them start to indign in the cab, some of them threaten that if you don't make love they'll scream and allege that you swindled them. Of course, thousands of ordinary fares are perfectly safe and untroubled fare-but most taxi drivers have come across an exception. It's a bad remark, that. One driver I knew had a wife like this on his bench, and realised that he was being "thumped" as a divorce case. That was a bad one.



how a TINY MAN lives



AN elderly woman was sitting in a *mobster's* carriage on a suburban train. She looked disgusted.

"Pray a little boy like that smoking," she said, turning to the woman next to her. "He ought to be stopped."

"It's disgusting," the other woman agreed. "Parents don't seem to have any control over their children these days."

The elderly woman leaned across and tapped the boy on the knee.

"How old are you?" she asked him. "Twenty-two," the "little boy" answered in a deep voice.

The woman gasped. "He must be a midget," her companion whispered horrified.

Harold Summers went on his knees unconcernedly over the sides of the seat and went on smoking. He was used to having his age questioned.

Harold can draw himself up to a full height of 3 feet 11 inches. He was born in Australia of normal sized

parents. His father measures 6 feet, 10 inches, his mother 5 feet 11 inch, and his sister 5 feet 6 inches. Anatomy provides no clue to Harold's smallness. He is the first midget in the family.

Physically and mentally, Harold enjoys normal health. He is a clever, cheerful lad since he was ten he has been appearing in vaudeville, pantomime and around all over the world. At three years of age, he measured 2 feet 6 inches, and this was his height until he was twelve.

When he went to school, his teachers were always afraid he would be trampled on. He had a special desk in front of the class so that he could see the blackboard with comfort, and he kept an empty fruit box by his side to stand on when he had to read or write.

Harold's first stage performance was with the Stanley McKay Variety Show. He took the part of a bridegroom in a wedding scene at a children's matinee. The youthful audience

reacted with delight as the well-known comedian Joe Lawrence walked on to the stage and pulled tiny Harold, dressed in high hat and tails, from the top of his baggy trousers.

When he was ten, Harold was named for an Adelaide football team. At one of the football matches, Vic Ryan, a gymnastic enthusiast, noticed the midget's smallness and offered to train him as an acrobat. He learned quickly, and a year later was offered a contract on the Fivell circuit.

Harold grew a little after he turned twelve and by the time he was eighteen he measured 3 feet 5 inches. He toured England, Scotland, Ireland and Africa with various troupes and shows and was a well-known figure on the London variety stage during the early part of the war. He worked with Jack Warner, Gus George Wood, Babe Danek, Ben Lyon, and with both Billy Cotton's and Jack Hylton's bands.

"Was George Wood used to tell the audience I was the only man he had ever looked down upon," Harold said.

The midget is quite certain he has stopped growing now, although between the ages of 15 and 16 he grew from 3 feet 5 inches to 3 feet 11 inches. He weighs five stone.

All his clothes have to be specially made for him. He wears a size 10 short, a 4 1/2 hat and 12 shoes. Despite his smallness, he has to pay full price for a tailored suit.

"I paid £111.1.1. for my last suit," he said. "But I didn't mind because it was for a special occasion."

The special occasion was Harold's wedding. He married sweetest Betty Yvonne Great, of Melbourne, on April 1947. Betty is 5 feet 2 inches. They have a baby daughter, born on January 1948, whose name is Yvonne Louise Margaret. So far she appears to be a normal sized baby.

Harold Summers met his wife in England nine years ago when she was travelling with the Wellhans, a circus troupe of Australian acrobats. They renewed their friendship when Harold returned to Australia in the second year of the war.

Betty arranged with the woman

for the wedding ceremony, but insisted to tell him that her prospective husband was a midget. When they both arrived at the church half an hour before the appointed hour, the minister refused to marry them. He wanted proof that the bridegroom was as old as he stated. With the aid of the Registrar and Harold's birth certificate, the young couple finally convinced the minister that it was no trick.

But Harold was so nervous when he walked up to put the ring on his bride's finger, that he slipped it on the second finger instead of the third. The minister had to come to his assistance.

When Harold goes into a telephone booth he has to take a box with him to reach the telephone. If there isn't a box handy, he clambors up and places a foot on the window ledge each side of the box. Most people would find it a difficult feat, but Harold's acrobatic training comes in useful.

He doesn't like going into post offices where there isn't a brass rail before the counter that he can stand on. If some kind person doesn't offer to buy his postage stamps for him, he has to go without. His head scarcely reaches the top of the counter.

Harold is a good swimmer, but he does not play any sports as he finds his heart pumps him at too much of a disconcert. However, he does like a game of billiards. Because the table is low, he is able to play while standing on the floor, but he just has one with one he brings along his soap box.

He is not able to drive a motor car, as his feet will not reach the accelerator.

"One day, when I save up enough money, I might be able to buy a midget motor," he said with a grin. "I would drive that all right."

Harold wishes his wife wouldn't take his head when they come to a street. He says it isn't necessary and it "makes him feel small."

The midget often finds himself in trouble because people take him for a child.

He went into a hotel bar with a

DURING the war the Germans made considerable progress in converting petroleum into motor.

The trouble with this matter is its indispensability. Like animal oil, which is used as a lubricating medium, it is not substituted by the body. Chemists have not yet solved this problem. While the Germans were using the butter to fry their potatoes, in they must have as well have used animal oil. There is no more nourishment in the synthetic butter.

friend one day and was supposed to stand him when he felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning around, he saw a policeman standing behind him.

"What's the meaning of this?" the policeman asked.

Harold didn't answer, but his friend began to grin.

The policeman took Harold's arm.

"Where's your mother?"

"At home in Adelaide," Harold told him in his gruff man's voice.

The policeman dropped his arm in a hurry and left the bar. His face looked a little red.

Travis and his companions are always reluctant to take full fare from the midjet and frequently hand him his change and a child's ticket.

When Harold takes his wife to the picture theatre, she has to buy the tickets from the high window of the box-office.

They try to get two seats at the end of the row so that Harold can take the rule one. He doesn't like going to the picture much because he says it gives him a stiff neck looking at the screen and he can't see the picture. If he can't see the picture, he usually has to look at the seat to see over the heads of the people in front of him.

A party of friends went with them to the theatre one night. The show

had started and the lights were out. The friends decided to play a joke on the usherette. They gave Harold the ticket, and when the usherette came along, one of them said:

"The bar chap at the back has the tickets."

The girl was looking around for a tall man when Harold pulled her skirt. She did not appreciate the joke, and was bound to answer.

"They shouldn't let children into the evening shows."

Children look upon Harold as one of themselves. He was sitting in a park one day when a little boy came along and asked him to have a game of marbles. Harold got down on his hands and knees and played with the lad for more than an hour.

Another time the midjet was standing at the gate of a school playground, waiting a flock of boys of football. A small boy who was sitting inside the fence put up and came across to him.

"Are you one of the new boys?" he asked him.

Harold has done a lot of horse riding and has worked with horses in the circus ring. Sometimes he has to lift him into the saddle or to lead the horse to a fence, from which he can clamber on to the horse's back.

Once he was frozen stiff in the saddle. He was with Wirth's Circus and was taking horses from one town to another in the south-west of New South Wales. Snow was lying on the ground, and the temperature had dropped very low. When the midjet reached the town where the circus was camped, they had to lift him from the saddle and put him before a fire to thaw out. He said his longest coat has been frozen, too, because he wasn't able to speak.

People stare curiously at Harold when they know he is a midjet, but he has got used to these stares and doesn't feel uncomfortable.

"The only time I've been really embarrassed," he said, "was when I was playing in a show at the London Palladium with Jack Hylton and his band. Half a dozen of us had to go on stage together. I heard the music strike up and hurried out of my dressing room and on to the stage. I found myself standing there alone

looking down on a huge orchestra. People were signalling frantically to me from the wings. Then I remembered the music had been switched that morning and I had taken the wrong cue. It was a pretty big start, and I seemed to have to walk about two miles to get off it again. They gave me a spotlight to help me in my way, and the audience laughed and cheered. I don't know if they actually realised what had happened."

The midjet had a bad accident when he was appearing with a circus in England a few years ago. His wife, taking part in a peep act, a "winging" balanced on his shoulders two men, who in turn held another man aloft. Harold then climbed up until he reached the top man, where he belched on his forehead.

It was a difficult feat. The act had been well rehearsed, but when the midjet stepped on to the stage's head at the first performance, the accident happened. Harold couldn't keep his balance. He fell backwards feet to the ground and lay by these unfortunate.

A number of symptoms went through the audience at the midjet through the audience at the midjet was carried down the road. It was found that he had dislocated his hip.

He recovered consciousness before the performance had ended, and two members of the circus carried him in, sitting on a stretcher, to take a home. The audience stood up and cheered and clapped as Harold was carried around the ring.

After Harold returned to Australia he took a job at General Motors' factory doing essential war work.

"Even though I was small, I could still turn out mountains," Harold said.

Harold Simmons and his wife are at present with Wirth's Circus in Australia, and in their spare time are working as a combined variety act, which they hope to perfect very soon. Then they will take it to Australia. At once as Billy Twissie is said enough. They are going to start putting her through her paces, too, so that one day the three of them will be members of the Simmons Acrobatic Troupe.



Once again a murder case out of the angles under-estimated the power of the law.



THE CASE OF THE drop of blood

THE victim of murder does an unnatural death. But the murderer rarely comes to his end through. If that I do not mean that the natural cause.

was in struck down before his time and his killer lives to and his days as a clean deathbed surrounded by loving friends and family. What I mean is that Nature usually sees to it that the killer gets his comeuppance.

Take a good second look at the evidence in any murder case and you will see that Nature was present as an impartial witness for the innocent dead against the guilty slayer. Nature, like him, shows a wonder.

In the story that I am about to re-

late, Nature put the finger on the killer in a way that was not only decisive but unique.

Walter Nielsen was a kind and charitable man. In Manhattan, on Long Island, New York, where Nielsen ran a small gas and oil business, he had the reputation of befriending the poor and needy. A bachelor, he made mankind his family, giving a helping hand to his neighbors when they needed it, and never advertising the fact. Everybody loved Mr. Nielsen.

On Saturday morning, March 12, 1941, Walter Nielsen put on his overcoat and prepared to go out into a driving snowstorm with a hundred dollars in cash to pay up the back rent of a family about to be evicted.

When Thomas Jenkins pulled up in his gasoline truck to deliver the day's gas supply to Mr. Nielsen's gas station, he thought it odd that the place should be locked up and nobody around.

Mrs. Marion Nielsen, who lived next door to Mr. Nielsen's gas station, was accustomed to helping out when her friendly neighbor was absent from his pump, so she was not surprised when Jenkins knocked on her door to register after Mr. Nielsen had asked if he was expected to leave a supply of gas.

"It's past lunch time, so he should be in," she told Jenkins, but when she learned that there was nobody around she said, "Well, he'll wait the gas, as I'll get the tanks ready. I have a key to the back door."

A moment later Mrs. Nielsen appeared with the key, and, accompanied by Jenkins, approached the back door of the service station. The door opened easily, then stuck. Mrs. Nielsen forced the door open a little further—and screamed quickly! Nielsen lay on his back, dead.

There was one thing that aroused the interest of the police. Both doors to the place were locked at the time. Locked door provisions are not what they used to be before the invention of automatic spring-locks, but just the same this case was worth looking into.

By six o'clock that evening the Medical Examiner was ready with his report of the autopsy. His opinion: Murder. Depressed freedom of the skull at the base of the brain. "I would say the blow was delivered from the rear, at Nielsen was in a sleeping position." The wound had not bled. In fact, the only one not broken. But on the inside of Nielsen's arm was a recent cut.

Hit on the head and the body not broken. That interested the Chief, for he had noted that, while Nielsen was all dressed to go out, no hat was to be found on the premises. Nielsen was 62 and bald-headed. He was not likely to have ventured out into a snowstorm on a bitter cold day without a hat on. Had the killer taken the hat away with him?

So it was murder—but why? What was the motive? Robbery? That was ruled out as a motive at first, because the cash drawer had been found to contain 100 dollars untouched. Later, when police learned from Mrs. Nielsen that Nielsen was on his way with 100 dollars in cash to meet a poor family from eviction, the robbery motive figured in the picture again, no cash seen being found on the victim.

In the meantime, however, another possible motive popped up. There was one person in town who did get share the exacted high opinion of Walter Nielsen, and she was very recently to have quarreled very recently.

That one person was Miles Hanson, and he was a saloon keeper who ran a place called The Royal Flush saloon, where on the outskirts of the town. It was patronized by Negroes as well as white people, and among the Negroes were some that Nielsen had helped at one time or another. Most of the Negroes in town brought their gas and oil from Nielsen, and now and then when they came to Nielsen for financial help they told of being in debt to Miles Hanson.

Patrons of the Royal Flush Saloon told police that Nielsen had an argument with Hanson about that only the week before.

It was Saturday night and the bar was crowded when officers dropped in to question the proprietor of the Royal Flush Saloon. Hanson was a stocky, middle-aged man with a bulging nose. He was tough, on paper and easy in his answers. But the seasoned police officer knows how to handle that kind of a witness. He makes him read, and when he loses his temper he forgets to be angry and begins to talk.

"Why are you 'tough' you knew him, Hansen?" the officer leaned him. "As a matter of fact, didn't you threaten to beat his brains in if he made trouble for you?" That did it. "I didn't think that old bastard!" Hanson shouted.

"Cool?" asked the officer politely.

"Who said he was cool?"

Hanson saw that he had allowed himself to be provoked into an out-

SONNET OF TWO LOVES

I have adored the world here deemed the red
 With strength of living and have craved for more.
 Here proud that fortune of her doing there
 Would give abundantly here had my hand
 Against quick-killing hearts and fondly said
 My radiant love would last forevermore.
 Here passed the crowds and loved that lady fair
 When sport was king with blue skies overhead
 And yet a different love mysteriously
 Is weaving in my thoughts a glowing spell,
 Unworldly, deeply calm, When day is done
 Often I feel it softly calling me,
 And I retire into the silent cell
 Of my own soul, where peace and I sit one

—TWN

manhood of quality knowledge, and
 arrived to tell.

"I didn't kill Nielsen," he told the
 police. "I was mad enough to kill
 him, and I don't think I could kill
 myself. I heard only this morning
 that he was talking again about
 choking me up. So I went down to
 his place about noon. The front door
 was shut but unlocked. I opened it
 and there the witch because I was
 going to argue with the old man
 and I didn't want anyone coming in."

"I remember seeing Nielsen" and
 there was no answer. Then I saw
 him, sprawled out in the back with
 his head over a kitchen sink. I
 knew he was dead without getting
 within six feet of him. Believe me,
 I had it fast."

The microscopes and test tube boys
 were brought in and they gave the
 promissory a good going over. They
 found traces of blood on a piece of
 paper in the washroom and several
 a work bench, and some bloodstains
 by the cash register. It was known,
 of course, that Nielsen had cut his arm
 before he was killed and these rough

be the stains left by that injury. The
 microscopes, however, told a different
 story, and a startling one.

All the bloodstains, in the place
 were of the common, ordinary type,
 and could have been anybody's, but
 the stains by the register were un-
 usual in one respect. They were
 someone with railroad.

Nature had put the finger on the
 murderer of Walter Nielsen, but she
 had left the finding of him to Man
 and that was to prove a more difficult
 task than it seemed at first.

One thing was certain from the
 start: the reading of Nemo County
 had suddenly picked up a case of
 violence in the dead of winter. The
 railroad victim who killed with the
 cash register in Nielsen's case station
 that rainy Saturday morning was
 somebody who had very recently
 been in a tropical climate, probably
 a discharged soldier or sailor back
 from service in the South Pacific. If
 so, the local draft board might know
 something about that.

It took two months of patient trail
 to check all the records of the

armies, and when the job was
 finished not a single record had been
 found of any drafted man who had re-
 turned from the war. Detectives next
 went to work checking the 4-Ps.
 Still no clue. It was beginning to
 look as if the case of the railroad
 killer was destined to remain on the
 police blotter unsolved.

This case was almost forgotten
 when, on May 25, 1934, a detective—
 one of those persistent sleuths who
 never say die, who had been hanging
 around Turner's saloon and asking
 questions—picked up the name of one
 man who had been to the South
 Pacific and back.

He was John Sanford, a handsome,
 gold-cuffed and man of all work, who
 had shipped out on a freighter from
 the Pacific Coast in the summer of
 1931. Being a Pacific Coast man, the
 Mendocino draft board had no record.

According to persons of Sanford's
 kin, Sanford returned to Mendocino
 in January, 1934, sick and dis-
 couraged, and complaining that the
 odd jobs he was able to pick up in
 town paid as little compared with the
 good wages he was used to. One
 informant remembered that Sanford
 had worked at one time, at least for
 a night, at Nielsen's server station.

The detective's informant was a
 seventeen-year-old girl who knew
 John Sanford.

"I wasn't going to say anything,"
 she told the officer, but I saw John
 hanging around Mr. Nielsen's gas-
 line station the day he was killed
 and I guessed he did it. He had
 taken a dislike to him. I know that.

"I figured if John got away with
 killing Mr. Nielsen, I better not
 watch on him for fear of what he'd
 do to me. But since you got on to
 him, it's different."

John Sanford was arrested in his
 furnished room on High Street in
 Mendocino and held as a material
 witness in the murder of Walter
 Nielsen. There was still no evidence
 linking him with the crime, beyond
 the bloody evidence of the young
 girl. But detectives going through
 Sanford's belongings came across a
 hat—the pearl grey hat that Nielsen
 had worn on March 19 when he
 dressed to go out. The initials were
 still in it—W N. That did it, again!

Sanford confessed that he had
 killed Nielsen with a tire lever.

On May 25, 1934, Nature struck at
 John Sanford a second time, this
 time by lightning. Lightning in the
 heads of the official magistrates:



THE Prince OF GATE CRASHERS



CELEBRITY

Dillon

It wasn't that he couldn't pay; breaking in was a matter of business.

OUTSIDE practically any stadium in the country, any night, you will observe a group of melancholy men whose eyes are constantly thrown in look-lusted confusion towards the entrance gate. Banded together by a common love of purloining, and many of them indeed bearing the characteristic of past gladiatorial efforts, these men are awaiting a miracle—*fat*, looking men of the rubes, they are hoping the Fate will converse with them to the extent of allowing them to witness the sight's attraction at no cost to themselves.

Sadly, such attitudes are few, although the more decent among the group recall that some 12 years ago, patrons pushed so vigorously against an entrance gate that the portal collapsed, and free access to the bleachers was thereby gained. There was, too, that memorable occasion when crestfallen "ticket scalpers"

desperately trying to save their respect and their investments, pressed into the waiting group's waiting hands tickets for the Peacock-Burns contest.

True, the transaction ended for the future—over of a little while, but it was no little thing even the most experienced gate-crasher admits that the night was a personal triumph.

It is true, too that the circumstances carried a little of risk, for latecomers were greeted on their arrival at the Sydney Stadium by public address announcements that a number of tickets had been forged, and that persons who secured passes from other than official outlets did so at their own risk.

Thus "legitimate" ticket scalpers found their advances coldly received, and tickets which had cost them two pieces of good folding money were disposed of for a few humble shillings.

My good friend, Jack Dillon, however middleweight boxer of some renown and now given to dancing blunders to fill his time in Australian dress, admits that he himself participated in the Peacock-Burns fiasco.

Arriving at the scene of battle, he was hurriedly pressed into service as a ticket inspector. He glanced casually at a few tickets—without having any idea whether they were bonafides or not—and then made his way towards the staid gate.

"Unfortunately," adds Jack, "the edge was knocked off my tongue by the fact that I had in my pocket a ticket for which I had paid the full price."

Mr. Dillon, let me hasten to add, is not an indignant Irishman, but was greatly disturbed by an error to the stadium by somewhat illegal means in accordance with the dictum concerning stolen fruit.

It was Mr. Dillon who also informed me that it is possible, by lowering oneself into a stormwater channel running beneath the Sydney Stadium, to gain free entrance to the bleachers. His point's out, however, that the channel is not fitted for its *Askes of Roman* scene, and that youths who have *scientifically* earned out the money they had had small popularity with their enthrallments.

Another good authority on subjects about which the average person has concretely no knowledge, Jack Stevens—author of "How It's King in a House," "Siegfried and His Friends," and "Secrets of the Seafaring Man"—tells me that in the days before a consistent scientific system made the practice impossible, it was the habit of young boys from to withdraw the empty secondary pan from their places at the afternoon of a big fight, hide them in a convenient alibi, and return that night dragging the consequences behind them.

Arriving at the back of the stadium, it was a simple matter to slip through the door, if not exactly clean, recesses and make your way to the bleachers.

Early arrival, of course, was an essential part of the plan, for it was necessary to replace the pens as a means of concealing the method of entry.

Prossers of gate crashing agree that slipping into work minutes these days without hand or ticket is akin to the possibility of securing the eye of a needle. Rather better, the pioneer points out that the price of entrance, a certain "One-eye" Connolly, achieved his feat not exclusively because of a natural flair for crashing but because he flourished in the days when crashing was a relatively simple matter.

It is possible that this was in hand upon possible or petrolic grounds for "One-eye" was of United States nationality, and indeed, became possible in Australia for a single performance.

That was on the occasion of Australia's one and only world title contest, when Jack Johnson whipped the hide off Tommy Burns. Having enjoyed every other title contest at the management's unwilling expense, Connolly, left to him such an understanding match as this, worked his passage to Australia and on the night of the fight placed himself stealthily at one of the Sydney Stadium gates. Then, with a proper show of officiousness, he began to call out: "Everyone hold their own ticket."

Having suggested a ticket or two and repeated other phrases to other entrances with a great show of authority, he eventually said to the "remnant official": "I reckon you can handle the rest," and walked into the stadium.

"One-eye's" daughter, *discovery*, was discovered, but when he told "One-eye" father his story, he was introduced from the ring, and was rewarded with a shower of pennies.

The fact that gate-crashers are in America will tempt "Connolly" to a tribute to the original period of "One-eye."

One of his biographers—and at least a power in any field, he has had many—wrote:

"Connolly was a short unkempt individual with one bulging green eye. His trademark was a green cap which he wore with the peak twisted over one ear and turned up."

He crashed fights by peddling bonafides as a nose vendor, postcard-banker, and even once as the change man at the box-office, he had a skill.

FUTURE buyers may have to handle the task of their trade as if they were in a shoe-stationery, if a new buyer-detection device comes into use.

The device depends on the principle of the proximity fuse which in warfare exploded anti-aircraft shells over enemy planes. In the new device, five-link radio waves can be used to detect motion as slow as one mile per hour and make persons approaching the device can hardly move slowly enough to escape detection, if any good properties.

was filled with smart money. The only promoter who thanked the door in his face was the late Tex Rickard, who disliked him. He was turned out of the Bill Dempsey-Casper fight an even dozen times."

"One-eye" swept into the limelight during the time when the fabulist Square Abington visited the States with Charley Mitchell.

Abington, a patron of most gambling resorts and a bon vivier, was one night drinking in a New York hotel, when he was joined by a loudly-dressed fellow of doubtful means. That night "One-eye" advised himself to the company by being a Coney—he was able, at the drop of a coin on a counter, to convert the nationality meat suited to the occasion.

Without formal introduction, he ordered a quantity of the best wine for the party.

The Square, taken aback, requested the name of the intruder.

"The name?" Connolly it is—James Connolly. My friends call me 'One-eye'."

And to indicate the source of his title, the intruder dropped on to the counter his horrible-looking glass eye.

Abington, fascinated, now Connolly drink the wine, and re-acted. During

the whole interlude, "One-eye" maintained a knowledgeable and considered conversation with the English snob, setting the latter at ease with his masterly touch of the perfect actor.

Finally, after a two-hour session, "One-eye" called for his check and suggested to a woman, whence he emerged some time later to deposit into the Square's hand an envelope. In it, he informed Abington, there was a good deal of money—a rather loose description of the contents, for when Connolly had done, Abington opened it to find cheques amounting to \$25.

Square Abington paid with a smile. It is an unfortunate fact that in spite of Connolly's best-laid plans, his efforts to secure free entry to studs were not always successful.

On one occasion, he hesitated to, and all that he would grace with his presence a certain fine centurion. The promoter of the bout accepted the challenge with enthusiasm—and when "One-eye" scribbled on the scene, he found himself quickly hounded by the gentlemen and sent into the clubhouse.

The promoter unworthy had, had pointed him out to the law enforcement as a bandit for whom a search was being conducted by the police of many States. He was, of course, later released.

On another occasion, he sank his principles enough to buy a twin ticket to Coney City where the Prisoners-Carson match was to take place. On the other hand, former high-roller, Jack McCall, had insisted to secure a ticket. Requested by McCall to show him the ticket, "One-eye" handed it over and to his mortification didn't get it back. He walked to Coney City, 35 miles away, and arrived just in time to see the fight commence.

But, on average, Connolly won the great majority of his fights with boxing's entrepreneur.

"One-eye's" most notable effort in prize-fighting was in 1923, when some days before the Dempsey-Gibbons fight, sporting writers passed around the bet on a guess that Connolly might get medical treatment for his one

good eye. With \$2 in his pocket, on the day of the fight, he bought a large quantity of ice, barreled it into small bags, and rushed past the policemen calling, "Ice for the Press!"

The location of the contest being the punch town of Shelby, Montana, he had no difficulty in disposing of his ice. His financial result was \$200, and his personal satisfaction no doubt unusual estimate in terms of cash.

On many other occasions he passed entry to arenas simply by arming himself with a basket and towel and passing himself off as a fighter's second.

Impaired by his determination to attend all the important boxing matches he made his way to London in 1925 with the view of winning the Wallace-Miller title.

Unco-operative British officials refused to allow him to land on the grounds that he might be arrested for vagrancy, and he arrived back in New York loudly proclaiming the fallacy of British justice.

Asked if there was any truth in the rumor that he was broke, "One-eye" refuted the possibility by turning out his pockets. He had eight-pence.

Connolly's claim to the title of Prince of Gate-Crunchers was only once seriously challenged. His rival was a character named Tammany Young, who, working on a higher spiritual level than "One-eye", was once asked by the Prince of Wales himself to direct him to the Royal Box at a polo match. Young not only gave the information, but passed into the front seat with the chauffeur to be eventually entered into the Royal Box.

Young, however, lost prestige when the possessor of a boxing match hired him, as an expert, to keep gate-crunchers out of the arena—and was himself given the boot—he on an occasion.

"One-eye" Connolly is no longer with us, but it is a safe and reasonable bet that wherever he went in the after-life, he lived up to his fame by refusing to take the easy way in—a hint of which procedure he had given in 1929 when, thrown out of the Buchanella Company in Chicago, he turned up again with a sign on his back stating with utmost emphasis, "Till crash the price of hell."





Mystery MAN

OF MAHAUT BAY

They found him dead. Followed the question, who should have his estate?

MERVYN ANDREWS

IN his intriguingly expensive waist, collected the proceeds of the mob harvest bank, then departed as mysteriously as he had arrived. None knew whence he came, or where he went.

In accordance with the recognized practice, in the case of an estate with no known next of kin, the Mayor took charge of his affairs, sold up his farms and realized on his other assets.

This was in 1838. In 1908, one hundred years later, some mystery still veiled the identity of the dead man, but a greater mystery clouded the whereabouts of his will and the vast fortune he had amassed during a life of financially romantic adventures.

In 1908, the postman called at the cottage of Françoise Bonnet in the village of Ruffe, near Bordeaux, France. This was the first before postage stamps, and the postman demanded payment of the postal charges before making delivery. Twenty francs he wanted, and the article was a package with five large numbers, black ink securing it.

The postman stamp, that convenient expedient now regarded as an essential of modern life—was fast only a little over one hundred years old, the postal post having been introduced

into England on 9th May, 1840, by the Liverpool Bill, though a postal system of sorts has existed for centuries.

True to the progressive Quaker stamp system, the provincial custom was to carry the article and hope that the addressee would pay the paper. No pay, so delivery was the rule—the article went back to the sender with a demand for the costs incurred.

An intriguing-looking document, but Madame Bonnet held up her parsimonious hands in horror. Twenty francs for a letter! And without knowing from whom it came, or what its contents! The good Bonnet did not buy a pig in a bag, she had better ways of spending her francs of she had any, and her cousin, too! She would have none of the mysterious package—at twenty francs.

The postman was accustomed to such refusals; he took the package back to the post office, but a few days later he returned and told Madame Bonnet's indignantly as truthfully will never be determined now) that the package had been opened in the hope that it might contain sufficient money to pay the postal charges.

"There was no money in it," he told her. "Only a will to three immense fortunes in some outlandish place at the end of the earth."

Fortunes in distant lands! The words conjured up memories which caused the woman to call down the wrath of Heaven and Hell upon her head for her superstition. The man had died, and in that package, designed for the sake of twenty francs, was the key to the fabulous fortunes they had assumed.

The twins, four brothers Bonnet, had left France many years before, and were heard of only occasionally in the interim, but twenty years earlier a stranger had called upon Françoise Bonnet's mother. He, too, had been a man of mystery, but he had been with him a bag of gold, a gift from the four brothers. They were immensely rich, he told them, but, though settled in foreign lands, they would return to France if conditions were favorable.

The package! The will! Where is it? Madame exclaimed, jelled out of

the realization that it might yet be retrieved.

It had come from the local post office to Mende, she was told. To Madame Mademoiselle, but, alas, she arrived there too late; the package had been forwarded to Bordeaux.

At Bordeaux! But yes, the mysterious package with the five black seals! Assuredly it had come to Bordeaux. But, our regrets that Madame did not arrive last yesterday, it was even now in the diligence on its way to Paris. Madame has but to go to the head office of the Postal Department in Rue Ordre, and she will receive her package, of a surety.

To Paris the Bonnet hastened, with all the speed of the following diligence, but the package was lying up to its ears in mystery, it had not yet arrived. Madame has but to wait. Madame waited—for months. Still the package did not arrive, and as the hundred years that have elapsed since, it has not arrived, it has disappeared completely from the sight of the Bonnet family and from official knowledge.

In the course of months, Françoise Bonnet became one of those forgotten figures known to the public departments the world over—a follower of a fortune hunter through the maze of officials. She hunted the curfew of all the public offices of Paris, button-holing officials and peering out her story to any who would listen.

A few of such Quotations of lost causes live for debt to figure in history. Such a one was John Suter who for thirty years labored in the Capitol in Washington in support of his claim for compensation for his "Kitchen of New Helvetia" (California). The day after he died on the steps of the Senate House, a Congressional Resolution gave some confirmation of his rights.

Another, sadder to hear, so persistently fought legal battles for stolen land and illegally imaginary) that the Victorian Government posted a special "blackfellow" to stop him—he was prosecuted from sending a writ without prior sanction of the Court acknowledging that he had a claim—but generally these foreign campaigns.

CULTURE OR SOMETHING

The accents on the morning air
May have been crystal clear to her
As looking back her hand she gave
She went to song inclined to stir
The softer passions of the heart
When singing from some other throat
But which the way she modified then
Assembled blackbirds of a quest
As when by some the mount swill
Above the showbirds' streamy like
The hostile of a wren's bud
Would be improvement upon this
She sang she makes these notes given
A lovely voice to cultivate
I think her cultivation's stayed
Far too long in the herring state

as even only a passing "best itself" scheme as a human interest story. The Bonnets, however, carried more.

Eventually a preliminary newswatch alerted the human interest in her story, and he played it up so effectively that an avalanche of letters from all the Bonnets of France flooded the public offices forcing disappointed wheels to start to slow life.

First official statement came from the postmaster at Buzios. It was ridiculous to say that he had opened the package. He knew his regulations too well to do such a thing, he had forwarded the package through official channels to the Head Office in Paris, where appropriate steps to recover the package from the official insurer would be taken. How then could anyone say that the package contained a wife?

The official denial served only to ten the conviction of the numerous Bonnets that a fortune awaited their gathering. So intense did the pressure, through correspondence and

otherwise, become over a period of years that the official newspaper, the "Moniteur," after stating that the Government had thoroughly investigated the case, made this pronouncement on 15th July, 1838:—

"The Bonnets are harmless as a piece worth without any foundation in fact, as was the parallel case of the Thamy of Vauze inheritance."

That was but fuel to the fire and, as it turned out, a tactical blunder, for the Government paid out twenty-eight million francs to the Thamy heirs in full settlement of their claims.

Twenty-eight millions for a wife! The Bonnets were on the land of treasure untold, and the Bonnet fever was rampant. Expeditions were organized, one being sent to Madagascar, one to the Antilles, and one to Australia, but they achieved little or no result, the mystery was still unsolved.

No mystery surrounded the wealthy visitor to the answering Frenchess Bonnet in 1838. He explained his

presence merely and graciously. His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III, having heard of the plight of the good lady, Bonnet, had instructed the postmaster to collect all the evidence, so that she could be suitably compensated for her loss.

In a drawer of embroidery, gossamer and hope, Madame Bonnet collected all her papers and other evidence, even to the old bag on which the gold had been left forty-seven years before, and handed them to the nearby steamer without question. He departed, after giving fulsome assurances of generous treatment by the Emperor.

Also for the credibility of Francesco Bonnet? The steamer did not return, neither did he write, nor did she receive any compensation. Investigation of her complaint revealed that the plausible stranger had collected all the evidence from all the other Bonnet churches and had taken ship from Marseilles to Guadeloupe.

Guadeloupe! So that was where the fortune lay! An expedition was organized forthwith and it obtained the first tangible clue to the fortune in the Mahaut Bay area. Every turn in the desert had been owned previously by Jacques Bonnet, who had died intestate in 1838. Who could he be but Jacques, the youngest of the four Bonnet brothers?

"We have come for the proceeds of the sale of the Bonnet land," they told the Mayor.

"Ah, yes, but they belonged to the State; they have been sent to Paris." A certificate of his death, then?

They asked.
No, when the veil appeared to be about to lift, another fall, making mystery more profound. There was no record of the death of such a person, they were told.

A French official, Francesco Menier (of Bonnet land) became the spearhead of the attack. Enlisting the aid of an officer of Marseilles who had access to the records, he ascertained that not only was Jacques Bonnet's death entered, but that across the entry was written in red ink: "This entry must not be revealed under any circumstances."

So the Bonnets were right! Menier bombarded the Government until an

official enquiry was ordered, but the departmental wheels were clogged with red tape, and it was a long way from Guadeloupe to Paris.

Years later an official report was released. The only indisputable fact established by the commission sent to Guadeloupe was that the page of the register on which the death of Jacques Bonnet was entered to have been removed had been torn from the register.

After decades of fruitless fighting, Menier won his first irreversible judicial pronouncement when, on 22nd January, 1903, the Tribunal of Bordeaux declared him to be "the absolute owner of all the effects of Jacques Bonnet, born at Buzios on 28th August, 1764."

It was a hollow victory, for he still had to prove that the Bonnet of Bordeaux was the Bonnet of Mahaut Bay, but with renewed hope he launched further legal action, only to find that the consequent publicity was to crash the castle of the Bonnet dreams.

A letter came from Buzios from one, Charles Bonnet. It read (in effect), the Bonnets are chasing the wrong man. The four brothers settled in Buzios and died there, comparatively poor men. The writer was, in fact, the grandson of the youngest of the four brothers, Jacques.

What a blow! For eighty years the Bonnets had been following a false trail. True they had proved that the well-worn tale had pursued was made of gold, but they were not entitled to reap the golden harvest.

But who was this Jacques Bonnet of Guadeloupe? Despite the mystery, the subterfuge and the deceit, he did live, and he did the fabulously wealthy. The mysterious package with the four black seals was a sign of the immortality, the date of its arrival in France, 1838, was no mere coincidence with the death of Jacques in Guadeloupe in 1758. Was the move itself a mere coincidence?

The Menier affair came to Menier's end once more. The so-called Jacques Bonnet of Guadeloupe was, in fact, Francesco Claud Bonnet, a man with a mysterious and romantic history.

Shortly after the reign of "King"

Passing Sentences

Many a man believes in heredity until his son behaves like a tramp.

In the old days a man who sneezed was a snare. Now he's a wonder.

Adolescence: The period in which children begin to question the answers.

A man is never too busy to talk about how busy he is.

To err is human but it feels divine.

He who laughs, lasts.

Two people can live as cheaply as one what?

Business prophets tell what is going to happen; business profits tell what has happened.

Les travel fast even when they haven't a leg to stand on.

Many a person has an excellent aim in life, but no concentration.

Crime: Society's permanent wave.

Elderly women give young women good advice when they can no longer give bad example.

Broken yells are only for broken men.

Plenty of people are willing to put an ear into anything but few are willing to pull on it.

Success is the ability to get on with some people and ahead of others.

Advertisement for pressure cookers: Ladies! Roast in Peace.



You can't muck all the time — Andrea King relaxes amid the glamour of a Warner Bros. set





ONLY ONE RETURNED

NO job for a man, domestic servant... not after loading the wheels out of the vegetable bed, cutting firewood, carrying water, catching spirited horses - after a day like that, domestic service is not welcome.

He had thought it for long enough, ever since he started to work for Tom McQueen. He had been warned to Tom McQueen, and he hadn't any greater secret his boss. At first it even seemed a lucky break to get a job like that.

He had some liberty, and he could talk to other assigned servants. He talked to them on the edge of the scrub that surrounded the town on the outskirts of Sydney.

"New Guinea's through there and Timon," one said. The more they talked about it, the better it grew, that idea of New Guinea, and Timon, and freedom. A walk, even a long walk, wasn't a high price to pay.

Six of them started. They started at night, and the necessary daylight found them in rubber hills, with plenty of thick timber to hide them. They passed from bush to the first few days, low by, misty, bush forest. Then the hills got steeper.

Sometimes they had to clamber down hillside, from rock to rock, with barely a foothold. Their sharp blades from hanging on to sharp projections. Every time they climbed down they had to climb up again.

The scrub was fairly thick, and it was sharp enough to tear their clothes and flesh. They became hoarse and blood-stained. When

food ran out, the little food they had stolen from their masters, they were hungry, too.

Day after day brought no sign of habitation. Black men leered at them, laughed, and dived into the scrub. One of the weapons fell on his back. He put up, stumbled along and fell again. Then he didn't get up. Bad luck.

It was bad luck when the second one, too, died. Leaving him lying in the bush was depressing. It was worse now than being in the open, men, such as were there, worked for Tom McQueen.

Tom McQueen's unpaid servant panicked. When his third comrade died he thought they could never get through. Nobody had told him that even if he covered the thousands of miles of bush, there was the sea at the end.

They turned back. When the fourth, then the fifth, died, Tom McQueen's men went slowly mad. He thought he was heading for home, but there wasn't any sign of home. Finally, he ran off he was weak, collapsed, and recovered to run again, to stagger when he could not run. When he saw the first farmhouse, he was weak from sheer relief.

He got back. Back to the chieftain. He started on October 4, 1918; on November 30, he gave himself up to Peter McIntyre, J.P., and was sent to do it.

Back the chieftain said he didn't think much about Tom McQueen's job and the companion's comfort. He wouldn't forget the five other servants who worked their freedom, who died during the two months in the bush.



CHARIOTEER to VENUS

★ DAMON MILES

His job was to drive a young woman who had been in love with his mate

CONTINUED

I SAW them slipping me and I ran into the back alongside them. It was dark and rainy and I couldn't see them too well. One was thin but he looked like he had a suit of armor on under his clothes.

They got in the back. The smaller one said sharply, "The Bird of Paradise is a hurry."

I moved the crate off. The smaller one crossed to the other one. "That Vin. Break somewhere, I'll bet. Nervous around when you want him. Tomorrow I get a new driver."

I hid the crate in between a couple of newspapers, thrust past them, and it over the intersection quickly before the lights changed. I heard the smaller one whisper appreciatively from behind. I was steering my car to such care of his voice. I was sure it was him.

The smaller said suddenly, "How you like to drive for me, boy?"

I said, "I'm doing all right."

He said, "You got money and a work, boy? That's what I pay you."

I said, "What do I have to do? Drive the corpse away of the people that you kill?"

He said, "I am Victor Fortin. You have heard of me, boy?"

I lightened in my seat. I said, "Yes."

I pulled up outside the Bird of Paradise. Fortin said, "You come

inside. You working for me now I show you what kind of a place I got."

I followed them inside. I hadn't seen Fortin before, only pictures of him, but it was him, all right. The other one was the one I'd heard Larry talk about. Marco. The big boy. The goods. Fortin's dog. I was a head taller than me and I'm as much over six feet. Fortin looked like all his kind. Look like—dapper, smooth-faced, little black mustache.

Inside there was a floor-show going on. All the attendants bowed to Fortin. He looked before the high



She kept smiling and fanning her parasol. The crowd applauded.

lane. There was a spot playing on the floor. Fortin needed. He looked me alongside him. He whispered, "Marco—my girl."

I'd seen her name and her picture out front. She was watching on the floor in a long, flowing dress. She was carrying a parasol. She made a sudden stark movement and part of the crowd came away to show a bare leg. She made some more move-

ments in line with the music. More of her bare, powdered, shiny flesh began to gleam under the spot. She kept smiling and twirling the parasol. The crowd kept applauding.

I looked at Fortin. His eyes and teeth were attention. When she was away about she turned, smiling, posed with one hand on a bare hip and the

other waiting the person behind the piled-up masses of her different skirts. The spot caught the flashlight while perfection of her far one hair-sweeping instant and then faded off.

She came out wrapped in a silken robe, smiling, blew kisses to the crowd and went off again.

Fortun stepped in a thick carpet. "That Morica—" He looked aside. He tapped one on the arm. He said, "Come to my office."

Fortun said, "All you got to do is drive the people around I tell you to. He, too. There's all. Some days you don't work. Other days you work plenty. Year that job you got inside? You drive my girl home I don't like her sticking around here when she's through with her act. Too many eyes want her."

He picked up a glass. He chuckled. He said, "That you, dear?" He made kissing noises over it. He said, "Come to my office. I had you overnight before you go."

He bowed up. He worked at me. He said, "Come and that Morica." She came in. She was wearing a fur that must have made a dent like a gunny-bolt in her back-roll. Close up she looked even better. Her blonde hair shined and shone.

Fortun took her into his arms. He kissed her passionately now. She smiled back at him. He said, "Darling, this your new driver. He takes you wherever you want."

She smiled. She said, "It's only to and from the hotel, Victor."

He protested, "Darling, I need you for rides in the park, too." He kissed her again. He looked at me. He said, "That's the last part of your job—driving her around for me. You do it good. Else you don't do anything good any more."

I said, "I see my job?" He said, "Not that boss-driver. I got a real one outside—the Dundee. You take that Morica take you in the morning."

Morica went out. I bowed to the chauffeur. I said, "Madame, your driver awaits."

I'd get her nearly home before I said anything.

"Larry wouldn't like this at all." I heard her draw her breath in quickly.

She didn't answer until I'd stopped outside the hotel. Her voice was low. She said, "What was Larry to you?"

I said, "He was my pal. What's he yours?"

She sat out. She looked across her face was white. She opened her mouth to speak. She shut it again. She walked away and into the hotel.

He called me around the next day. He said, "Remember my man get out up. There's guys in this room don't like me and my man. You can look after yourself."

I dragged the big service Cok. I'd got all a Yeark in New Orleans from under my armpit. I said, "Ch. what have got to be able to look after ourselves. I always carry—"

I stopped talking. The face was green with fear. He had fallen back on the chair behind his desk like an empty sack. His eyes dilated. He hissed, "Put it away—put it away—"

I shook the gas back under my arm. His face started to get a little less green. He sat up in the chair. He said, "I told you. They scare me. Get out that one. Get a knock—a blackknock—anything."

I drove Morica around the park. After we'd been circling round a while she leaned forward. I saw her do it in the rear-view mirror. I'd been watching her in that case. I'd pushed her up. Her face was white and strained. She said, "You said Larry was your pal. Are you Steve Logan?"

I said softly, "Yes."

She said, "Pull up."

She had a hand clutched to her eyes. Her shoulders were quivering. I said in a hard voice, "That doesn't fit in with the way you're letting Fortun treat you."

After a while she answered me. Her voice was low. She said, "You've seen the way he shoves. Don't you think it's hard to tell? Perhaps you don't think I loved Larry? If you ever got a girl to love you as much as I did him you'll be lucky,

either. I've pretended to Fortun to be his girl ever since Larry died. He used to push me even when Larry was alive. I'm sure he killed Larry. I've gone to prove it. I figured my best chance to prove it was to get as close to him as I could." She took a deep breath. She said, "I wouldn't forget Larry. Not in a million years."

She said, "I don't know why I'm telling you all this. You're working for Fortun."

I said, "For the same reason you are. He got into my car one night, he'd me as his driver, and here I am—nearly as close to him as Morica—in just the spot for trying to prove he killed my pal."

She said, "You know why he killed Larry?"

I said, "Yes. I guess Larry told you something about the trouble he was having with Fortun. Larry wanted to pull out."

She wanted to help.

I started up the Dundee. She said, "Steve—Fortun's got a rifle. A drop, scattered color. I've often wondered about it. There was another little man who used to be kind to the gang when I first went to work at the Bird of Paradise. His name was Randall. I heard he quarreled with Fortun. He disappeared too."

I moved the Dundee off. I said between my teeth, "We'll look up the collar."

Fortun called me up there. When I got there she was there, too. Her face was white. Morica closed the door behind me.

Fortun smiled at me. He got up from behind his shiny desk. He pointed down at the desk. There was a thing there with wires all over it. He leaned forward to it and disclosed something. Morica's voice and my own started talking—saying everything we had the day before in the Dundee.

Fortun suddenly switched it off. He asked, "I put this in the car a long time ago. I trust nobody. I take it out every night and play it over. Last night this is what I heard." He swung around to her. He slapped her face. I moved forward

Fortun turned quickly. He said, "Morica." I felt the spot's sweat go around me.

Fortun came over. With a green look he looked me. When he found no gun his face lost its greenness. He stepped both sides of my face. A fear on his hand cut my cheek. He said softly, "This room is what you call sweat-proof. The door is locked."

She sprang at him. Fortun slipped her across the face and slapped her back on the chair.

Morica's arms were tightened around me. Her heavy, natural breath was tearing my neck. My heart and lungs were starting to burn like three furnaces inside me. Blood was starting to trickle from my nose.

I put the backs of both my shoes into Morica's slams. He grunted, and his grip loosened. I tore myself free. I lunged forward and grabbed up a paperweight off the desk. Morica grunted again and lunged at me with her one arm. I smacked the paperweight against his head.

Fortun came at me with a knife. I pulled up my trousers-leg quickly and grabbed the Cok from out of my wardrobe, where I'd shoved it.

When he saw the gun he dropped the knife. She even balanced—she started to tremble. He fell to his knees. He said, "No—no—"

I stood over him with the gun. I said, "You've got a collar under this place, Fortun—Larry's buried there. You've got Larry and Randall—Randall's dead. Larry and Randall—he told me what to do when he was killed was what to do when he was killed with you, wasn't he? They're both here, aren't they?"

Afterwards I said to her, "I don't want you to forget Larry. But I'd like you to think I could take his place."

She was getting dressed for her act. She hadn't got the dress on yet. She came from behind the screen. She pulled my arms around her. Before she laid her lips against mine she said, "Steve, you're the only one that could take his place."

A cell-boy stuck his head in the door. He grunted and grunted. He said, "Three minutes. Miss Morica." I said, "You're wrong. It's her life, and it's Mrs. Logan."

She came to cook, and her father asked questions.

FRANK SARAO



Tulip Time

THE road crossed the creek that ran down from the hills. On either side of the creek were fields of tulips and beyond these fields, in the shadow of the hills, were two cottages.

Sam Adam lived in the cottage

north of the creek. One day he stood on the veranda and watched his new neighbors arrive.

They came in the carrier truck from New River, the man riding back with the furniture, the woman and



The girl was lovely, so she came to cook a meal. Later she told him

girl in the cabin with the dress Sam watched the truck follow the other bank of the creek as far as the cottage where it stopped. Before then the cabin had climbed out, the man in a sack had let down the tailboard and begun to take things off the truck and set them on the ground.

Because the cottages were so close to one another, Sam felt he should go across and help unload the truck. Here in the valley the two farms were

subsidized. Many signs of life depended on the goodwill of neighbors.

Sam's last neighbor had been a Swede named Vedersten. They had been good friends. Now that Vedersten had sold out Sam was afraid he might be left to talk with the rabbits and mosquitoes. He had hoped in the early spring his father had died, ten years back, and had never liked company.

As he crossed the creek Sam saw that the driver had climbed onto the back of the truck and was handing furniture down to the man. The woman had begun to carry some of the lighter pieces into the cottage. The girl had gone inside.

"Hello," Sam called. "Can I help you?" "Good-day Art," he said to the carrier's driver.

Art waved from up on back of the truck. The men looked at Sam. He had a long thin worked face, heavily lined, the creases of his mouth carving down.

"No thanks," he said. The women came back and lifted one of the small chairs from the ground. The men told her, "Take one of the big ones. Tell her to come and get the small stuff." The women obeyed him.

"Come on, hurry up," the man told to the driver. "Time's money."

"Look, you'd better let me give you a hand," Sam told the man. He lifted one of the tables and carried it into the cottage. It was a scrubbed deal table. He placed it in the kitchen. Carrying out of the kitchen he almost collided with the girl.

She was a tall, thin girl with a good skin and dull, brown eyes. Sam could tell nothing about her voice. From the one word she spoke, "Gosh."

"Sorry. I nearly bumped you." "Are you our neighbor?" she said. "Gosh, it mightn't hurt but we had here after all." Her voice was like her father's, sharp and nasal.

Gosh, Sam thought with her. He found the woman pleasant to

Lack of exercise cannot be the explanation for the loss, the investigators feel, because all the men were actively engaged in the same sort of work when tested.

He became conscious that the talk was falling flat. He could feel the cold, unresponsive in the attitude of the natives who seemed bored to death and anxious to get away. But he didn't actually get away. He

"Hush!" Don't tell me he's doing

"Oh, my pe used to be that," he said. "Always treated me as

"Cathy is not I don't like it
and he's earned the way your

GET STARTED!

This hands is kindly clasped
 they set
 And pondered in the twilight
 She fixed her eyes of love on him,
 And took good care a highlight
 Flayed upon her square for
 Conveying him to be her own.
 "Start something, dear! she
 whispered, so
 He started the gramophone

rounded at the shoulders and halting
 further down. Her hair was back,
 the curls ragged.

"What's the idea?" Sam asked her.
 She turned and smiled at him, and
 put a finger to her lips and said,
 "Not so loud. Sound carries. I'm
 supposed to be out hearing a walk."

"But look," Sam said. He felt look-
 ing. Wanting no part of the girl, his
 problem was in every the idea to
 her pretty. His experience did not
 run to such matters. Now it was
 Sam who needed a book.

"I thought I'd show you how well I
 can cook," the girl said. "I hope you
 like stew."

"Your old man and me aren't the
 best of friends," Sam told her. "I
 don't want to make a better enemy
 of him. You'd better go home.
 Home."

"Call me Sam. And let me tell
 you Sam. Will you?"

"All right, Sam. Now please."

"Aren't you going to thank me?"
 She looked at him. Sam chuckled.

"Thank you very much, Sam," he
 told her. "Now before there's some
 kind of trouble. Go home."

"That isn't the way to thank a
 girl," she said, coming closer. She
 put her hands on her shoulders, and
 Sam let her kiss him. In the in-
 stants of peace and experiment. He
 did not like the girl, but wanted to be
 sure he was not missing anything.

"Like this," she said.

"Thank you," said Sam, but now
 he was not missing anything. "Now
 off you go!"

"I'll come tomorrow night. After
 dark," the girl said. "That is, if you
 want me to!"

"I'm going into New Reed to-
 morrow night," Sam told her. "Look,
 be available, will you?"

"Yes, I come with you!"

"No," he shouted. "Now get out and
 don't come back. I'm going into New
 Reed tomorrow to buy a dog a color
 processor for me. A woman once to keep
 things away. If you come around, he
 might bite you!"

"If I'm not good enough for you,"
 the girl said, "just let me
 know. You don't want me, do you?"

Then she started to cry. Sam pushed
 her along the hall and out the back

door. He was not over rough with
 her, but somehow she managed to
 fall down the steps. As he started
 down to help her, she got up and
 ran fast and in one swift motion took
 the gun from the wall and aimed it
 and pulled the trigger.

Click, went the business.
 It had been cocked but not loaded.
 Then the girl started to run clumsily
 with the gun, and Sam caught her
 and took it from her. "Now get
 home," he said, resisting the tempta-
 tion to swing at her.

He went back into the kitchen of
 the house and took the pot off the
 stove and carried it outside and
 cringed it in the compost.

Sam made his final cutting next

morning, and now the last blossoms go
 with the carrier. Jones also con-
 sidered some. When the carrier had
 gone, Sam saw Jones about the creek
 and walk that way. He went out to
 meet the train.

"Now I've got time to deal with
 you," Jones spread. "What did you
 do to my daughter last night? Fast
 my wife and now my daughter. I've
 had you." The head here looked
 over.

Sam said the crazy look. He said,
 "Relax, friend, you're getting started
 up over this, aren't you?"

"James looked angry. "Quit stall-
 ing," he said. "I know the sort of
 tricks you fellows set up to."

"Tricks?" Sam asked the word.



strapped and snatched. "I don't try to grow talps out of backs," he said. "You don't want to try it, either. You'll be up tall!"

"Listen, you!" Jones shouted. "You and all the other ungrateful persons! The way you mean! What's wrong with my talps?"

It was Sam's turn to shiver. "Do you really want to know?" he asked, sitting. "When you come to school you want to wear civvies?"

The words were calculated to arouse the anger in Jones. He swung round, half turned away, turned back again, gritting his teeth and clenching his hands.

"Listen I didn't come about the talps," he said. "You know what I came about. What you did!"

"What did I do?" Sam asked.

"Don't you know?" Jones said. He stood, sour-faced, looking at Sam. Suddenly something flashed inside him. "You know bloody well what I mean," he said. "What you did to my daughter. She's only a girl. You know that. She didn't know anything. What did you do to her, eh?"

Sam remembered the girl looking a

moor. He remembered his repentance when he walked into the kitchen and found her there. As he remembered that he felt the repentance springing up in him again. He thought of it, and he looked at Jones. The discrepancy between what had happened and what Jones thought was wrong. The discrepancy between his feelings and the things Jones imagined could have made him smile, if it had not been so much against his feelings. He'd rather squirm.

He looked again to convince himself that Jones was serious about it.

"When did I do it?" he asked, shrugging.

Jones stepped forward. "You tell me," he said. "I'm not going to probe or proust you. I'm a wake up to your kind. I want to hear it from you. What did you do to her, eh?"

"Ask your daughter," Sam told him. "I did. You ask her to come over here, didn't you. If I had a gun I'd shoot you like a dog."

"Get back to your own side of the creek," Sam said. "And keep your daughter there with you."

"She told me what you did," Jones

said. "You'll marry the girl, or by the Lord Harry, I'll put the police on to you."

He stood too close to Sam, crowding him. The last words of a fool were worse to Sam's mind, and he laughed. "You'll be gone in a flash, or else."

Sam could have knocked him over all right, but the thing seemed too ridiculous for words. He was surprised and he felt contemptuous of the man, but it was too swift a thing to anger—it was just a nuisance. He shrugged and turned away.

Jones became more assertive. He forced his way in front of Sam and blocked his path. It had much the same effect on Sam as trying to spin a pin and finding the latch stuck.

"Get over before I have to hit you," he told Jones. Then Jones threw a punch at him. It stung Sam's cheek. He turned the small man and ran him down the path to the creek. Somehow Jones ended up in the creek water.

Sam watched Jones climb out on the other bank, heard him swear he would get the police. The threat did

not worry Sam. Now he could foresee a long time of idleness. He could work in the fields, and rove the back hills, and he would really need a dog, for someone to talk to.

That afternoon Sam walked on to New Denal and put a call through to his agent in Sydney.

"Master of fact," the agent said. "I've got a Dutchman working for me who'd be glad to show-form it for you. He knows all about bulbs."

"Good, send him up. I'll expect him tomorrow."

Sam reckoned that one year of book farming would ruin Jones. Then Sam could go back to the magazine, he needed a holiday. In a year's time, with luck, he would have new and perhaps more comfortable new and perhaps more comfortable neighbours. Or he could buy the fields when they came up for sale, and share them with someone. Perhaps with the Dutchman. That depended on how the Dutchman returned to Sam Jones. Sam did not ever want to see the girl again, or her father, or anyone remotely like them.



ARCHERDALE THE MONUMENT, No. 12

NEW LOOKS **FOR OLD**

Parodied by GIBSON



In the far dim past Mother Eve started it all when she decided that there was nothing like a new leaf to attract the old look . . .

After completely ruining the Garden of Eden she watched her roving attention to furs . . .



From then on no animal has been exempt from her unceasing craving for longer and better furs . . . not even wolves . . .

During the seventeenth century fashions and furbelows reached an all time high . . . The only thing she didn't pick anything up was her Adam's apple.



Later came re-revelation . . . She let fashion go to her head . . . Thus the bustle was born . . .

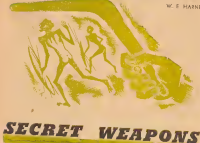


Came the era of tight lacing . . . The only time in history when that well known question "is a waistband really necessary?" had a satisfactory answer . . .



A close-up of the old human facility of making war—even among the primitives.

W. E. HARNEY



SECRET WEAPONS

THE month is April, the year 1914, and a stiff south-east breeze swept the sailing loggers of Captain Luff's fleet in the northward.

He had sailed away from Thursday Island some time before to work the trapping camps of eastern Arnhem Land, for he knew full well that here were the big trapping camps that had been worked by the Malays, many, many years ago.

The price of stock fish was high, as much as 45 a pound of 135 lbs., and a Malay had once told him that some of these trapping camps yielded as much as twenty tons of cured trap-ping to the one camp.

His five boats had first called at Verdun Island, in the Edward Pellew group at the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and were now moving on to the big trapping banks of Coddies Bay and Port Bradshaw, near Cape Arnhem.

Five boats were in this fleet—"Albatross", "Dorion", "Defender",

"Dread Sea", and "Tramper", and bounding along behind them was the three-ton cutter "Aren", tucked up at Barroolaba where it was left by Millemann, who was a bird collector and first recorded the deadly Thapsos of the Cape York Parasitoid.

As they went along Luff put into many places to prospect the different trapping camps of the old Malays from Manasse.

His men were natives of the Torres Islands, but aboard the "Aren", in charge of an Islander, was an Aborigine crew from the Koroora tribe that lived and hunted on the Edward Pellew group. They had come on this trip because they learned they knew some of the trapping camps which they had worked with the early Malay men.

Gracie Eylesham was prospected trapping camps at Barroolaba and Chapeau in the north of that island were worked, but the banks were swifter, and ever impatient Luff

turned on once more to the prospects that stretched from Cape Bradshaw to the English Company Islands to the north.

A large bay just south of Cape Bradshaw, the Landingplace of the early traders, was given a "trial", and placed on the old Flinders chart by Luff, is known today as Trial Bay. Last the fleet worked the different beds, and landed at last, they sailed away to the nearest port to ship the trapped overseas, but as they did, Captain Luff left behind the cutter "Aren" at Port Bradshaw, the "Koro Koro" of the Malays.

Their job was to work this large trapping bank till he returned, and the men in charge was a Malay, named by the Torres Strait Islander, and with them were the Koroora Aborigines "Nemo", "Corobah", "Mud-jah", with their wives "Chon", "Dunro" and "Nella".

Luff was a man who had sailed many seas and had been around strange people, so he warned the men in charge about the Aborigines of that part. He pointed out the paragonia in the native direction, where these natives were always considered thieves and dangerously in-different, but the Malay and Torres Strait Islander only laughed as they looked over the native people on the shore, and gruffly telling the heavy weapons always by their sides, re-peated something about "getting in first when things get going".

So Luff sailed away to Thursday Island, three hundred miles to the southwest, and the last he saw of his friends from the island was three standing amidst a little group of natives on the sandy beach of the old trapped site.

Some days later the cutter "Aren" sailed up the MacArthur River, near two hundred miles to the southwest, and so it dropped anchor near the township of Barroolaba a great working area from the Aborigine camp that lined the river banks of that stream.

Natives of the police station informed that some told Combe—the news, and not long afterwards the natives "Nemo", "Corobah" and "Mudjah" told the

story of the attack on their trapping camp at Port Bradshaw.

It was evening and the Aborigines of the Koroora tribe had just returned of the Koroora work of putting the cooked traps into the large bark-bark snake houses near the row of houses on the beach. The Malay was returning in the pale coloured sea, and shortly, on a log, was the Torres Strait Islander talking to some men of the local tribe. The Koroora women were away hunting and had not returned, and this fact caused the Koroora men to be concerned, for their husbands told them they should have returned with some, but were supposedly held in the bush by the Koroora women. This fact, together with a resemblance and mistaking of the story, warned them that trouble was brewing.

They repeated these things to the two boats, who only laughed as they soon topped the natives by their sides. So, knowing that line of protection was broken, they gathered up their belongings and walked their way in their last hope, which they always were around their work.

For the Koroora tribe were experts on the beach, especially the hooded man, or "Wardah", that was traded to them by the Koroora tribe many miles inland in the southward, and the Koroora natives of Arnhem Land had never seen these things before, for they were masters of the work upon it, and, if possible, the men topped even called the "Lure". To the Koroora the hooded man was a "secret weapon".

Not that the Koroora Aborigines did not know the "Lure", for through them, on the tedious path that led around the Gulf of Carpentaria, came these spears for the Koroora tribe.

That third day was clear. The "Aren" was riding gently at anchor with a slight breeze blowing from the north. All was peaceful on the sandy beach. The Torres Strait Islander was listening carefully to the natives beside him, and following the line of their figures as they pointed out each trapping camp around them. He heard clearly to one of the natives who was whispering some-

thing when he was grasped around the waist and held fast, as the other boat ran over the head with a stick that lay nearby, and soon his troubles were over.

The Malay in the water had barely time to move when the spears raised upon him. His rescuer, just a tedious piece of iron, lay where he had left it beside his beleaguered parent.

Now moved the Archaean natives towards the Kuruwa men, but this time it was the Aborigines against one of his own race, and as they came with speared spears to the kill, to chase the final prize of the "Avis" and its food supply, they came against the "sweet woman" of the Kuruwa tribesmen.

"Crash!" Three deadly showers of bone-armor splintered around the screaming pack, and as they struck home, three more of the "hooked type" boomerang went speeding towards the armed attackers, who flinched, and turned tail before the magic of this weapon.

Here were no whites who fired over their heads, but to give them an idea they were menaces from the sides. These things were real weapons of blood and death, as they who were struck and could crawl away learned to their dismay.

Their heavy spears were useless here, for the Kuruwa tribesmen could see them coming, and so evade them, and thus they retreated to the beach and a canoe that carried them out to the anchored cutter.

The sails are soon lifted and the boat once set in the breeze and the open sea. A canoe full of infuriated natives puts out after them, but none came near for they still can't discern the new weapons their tribesmen held in their hands.

So the three natives sailed to the southwest, but, passing through the passage between Babelton's Island and the Momband, they struck a sand bank in the night, and next morning beheld a large canoe full of natives making towards them.

These were the friendly Groote Eylanders who listened to their story, then pushed them off the sand bank, after filling their jars with water to help them on their way, and as they

came to their tribal lands, then up the MacArthur River to Babelton with their tale of tragedy and war.

Police went after the murderers, but none were seen. Nancy was picked up by a boat that was sailing along the beach, and had seen her running from a group of native women and waving towards them.

Nella, sleek and snarled, broke away from the tribe who had captured her, and started for home over their hindered heels away to the southwest.

A police party of horsemen picked her up at Malkoon, south of Blue Mud Bay. To reach there she had to travel on foot over one hundred and fifty miles. No mean feat that, when we realize that she was a young and slender woman, who must not be seen by the tribes she passed through on her way, for to the young men of these tribes a young girl is a great prize indeed.

At Berridoola, Nella told me her story of how she travelled at night along the edge of the mangrove tides, and crept by day in the mangrove jungles of the salt water area.

"I been dead dead," she told me, "when I came to the white man's camp at Malkoon, then I was happy."

Nella's wife, Clara, never returned to her native. She was claimed by Wanya, "half-bred king of Archuan Land," and although she had left two daughters behind at Berridoola, she lived in that part, near Port Bradshaw, to raise another family, and became a noted dancer in the many fetes that ranged along that coast in the years ahead.

Last year, 1910, when I was at Yorkish Mission, near Cape Arnhem, I saw Clara, now called "Kuma". She knew me, and I told her of her daughters. One it seemed to a white man, and his many children, and they would like to see her again. But she only smiled as I told her this. She had forgotten the past, and now lived in the present beside the Aurifer 82nd.

I can only wish her what she richly deserves—a future better than the past.





Loveland of TAHITI

ERIC MUSPRATT

A pleasant escape is a land devoted
to the enjoyment of the best of life

"SUCH a night of love as I have
never known!"

The French sailor uttered these
words, passionately, in telling me a
tale as we passed the approaching
island.

"Telle nuit d'amour as que je n'en
jamais connus!"

Twenty-one days steaming had
brought us from Papeete across an
ocean with no other ship or land in
sight. Everybody spoke with in-
creasing assurance of the next port of
call, and now it appeared at last

as a purple cloud upon that after-
wise empty horizon of abiding exur-

"The, my friend," he exclaimed.

"No, I was a young man when I
first went ashore there. With two
companions I procured a country
road. Three girls met us. They
stopped. We chatted. They invited
us home. Ah, my friend. . . . Golden
girls, one might say, for their skins
gleamed like gold in sunshine and
about that superb green wilderness
on which they lived. Ah, I assure
you. . . .

"We were introduced to all their
family—and, young mistress, child-
ren—every people exhibiting a large
brown house made of only sticks and
leaves—last child, yes, very char-
ming with freckles growing everywhere.
And, remark you, they offered us all
the best French drinks. And the
food! And music! And dancing! Ah,
the good God, can a people such
beautiful things when life was new."

"When the moon was descending to
places of silvery pools, my girl and
I went to sleep on a mat on a
veranda—that night unforgettable—
her soft hair more fragrant than any
flower and long enough to cover the
two of us. No other covering or
clothes were necessary in that warm
air."

With another deep sigh the stout,
ruddy-faced French sailor began
again, after a long pause at points
over the starboard sea. Meanwhile,
that distant blue of purple slowly
solidified.

"At dawn the state away from my
side, gathered flowers sweet and

fresh with dew, newly-anvailed
flowers, and she covered me all over
with them, so gently that I still
thought it was her hair. She kissed
me sweetly, and I now had smiling
there."

After another long silence, he con-
tinued:

"Night unforgettable. And morn-
ing! But believe you, not her face,
not even her divine hair, but her
body. As a dream of uttermost joy, I
shall remember that endearing love-
lessness until I die. Ah, it is a mys-
tery unspeakable of the human mind.
Her hair. . . ."

Little voices parted welcomingly
to our ship's prow as it pushed on
towards that promised land. From
loitering people, various phases of
blue, red, black, orange, all poured
into a predominant, glowing drowse.
Bright birds flew out to greet us.
Then, alluring sounds of vegetation
forced out, then streams of smiling
faces.

"Everybody will get married now!"
exclaimed a good sailor, jubilantly.

"Tout le monde va se marier main-
tenant!"

Seen a group of girls went to the
crew's quarters where I was. They
brought baskets of luscious fruit and,
in return, orange-ade and alcohol were
passed upon them.

"Never in life could these ladies
by offering their money," I was
told.

"Ah, yes, are English?" queried a
brogued girl with her arm around a
sailor's neck and holding a glass of
Pineau in the other hand. "No, I am
half English, myself, because, you
see, the brother of my grandfather
was English. Look! I can prove it!"

She opened her curved red lips
wide and paraded to one slightly
dummed back tooth "It is my English
blood!" she exclaimed, triumphantly.

The other girls glanced crossly at
this one tooth, disappointed that
their own were unblemished as
pearls.

That morning I walked alone for a
couple of hours inland to where vol-
canic mountain peaks reared sky-
ward out of tangled jungles. Follow-
ing a crystal-clear stream in its
whispering, garlanded course along a

valley, falling occasionally in this
lovely water, placidest first yellow
benesque and juicy green-gold
mangoes, one because untouched from
that hectic breakfast party.

The stream could abruptly in a
deep gorge of black rock, where it
ascended downwards in leathery per-
fected of flying liquid, perest white
under an arching rainbow revealed
by the young men peeping over a
rugged precipice. Fantastic ferns
clung in crevices up that dark cliff.
Dense, creeper-draped trees, arose
around me.

Suddenly, I felt cold, alone, and
wildly frightened. Momentarily,
that scene had become sinister. There
is a latent terror lurking behind lush
tropical beauty, a spirit of death,
which peeps out from odd corners in
such dream life. One such elemental
mood and nature's most widely con-
tinuing aspects. A sudden storm
yellow-eyed at me, and a measure
wild host moved with alarming
silence between. Back two trunks
I saw it was a feature of the place
which had terrified me as that I
hunched back along the valley.

Away from these towering rocks,
soft countryside spread fruit and
flowers, with half-hidden bits of
pearl land, sunset houses, among vivid
primaries. Naked children and res-
plendent elms played or leaped, and I
noticed again the peculiarly gleaming
tint in their sun-baked skins. Also
the peculiarly indomitable wonder-
ness of their bodies bared.

Returning to the straighter low-
land of Papeete, where hotels, cafés
and saloons clustered down to the
harbor's edge, I passed a unblemished
naïve beside a red hat. People
told me later that this local postman
was the present rightful child of all
Tahiti, and now he was not only
perfectly content, but exuberantly
proud to deliver letters brought from
overseas by the monthly steamship
company.

Dancing, dancing and male lead
anywhere, all day and on into
the evening. At one hotel I met
Alan Gerbasi, the ex-lawyer, ex-
soldier, ex-actor, ex-shipowner of France,
dancer, author, who had sailed a ship
single-handed around the world, now
settled in Tahiti. (The Japs killed him

in Java) Tobliss loved and hated. Also more than any other men. He went always barefoot in Papetta, a habit which by queer local prejudice all other whites were prohibited from. (But I did it.)

At midnight we drove for miles to a special night club in the country. A noisy dance band played those which I found more rhythmic and truly entranced us longer than the best in Moscow, Budapest, Prague, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, New York or London. Groups of blind dancers performed between our ordinary ballroom partners. From dancing stood they from side a seemingly infinite utilitarian on certain points of the music, a line of heavily-lashed men whose breath and heart-beat stopped them motionless as a row of statues. Then, suddenly intimate speed again.

I remember the biggest among these but ones there as a woman who had helped unload our ship. Twenty odd years of famous murder! My 60-inch tape measure was not long enough to encircle his chest.

Yet European dances and were played home with their magnificent virtuosity. The bravest girl dancer there was waiting away with TB. No less deadly to them were our moral ideas on sex and money, possession and killing their animal instincts.

For me, that first night where was so exciting, that I went off the dance floor in the bar only five times in ten hours.

Flowers black hair, glossy as a bird's wing, cascaded down around those girls' heads brushing one's head arm as beautifully as falling dew. They swayed slightly from bare feet upward to that mass of hair.

Tobliss belted customarily belted and filled their hair five times daily. Flowers were worn in it, red for one with a mate and white for one without, but no perfume was needed to improve its pure scent.

A hilarious half-Chinese, half-Tobliss called Mr. Elias Yung Vong, dressed with one end waist striding in leafy moonlight.

Several Hollywood folk, some quite well known appeared not adver-

tisment. Their pretense character felt decidedly flat here.

During the day, miserably, we fed and slept, and at night we repeated festivities. The evening for pleasure that these otherwise insolent miscreants showed was really amazing. One of them, so a fact of history, had given a speech lasting twenty-four hours. He began when the sun rose, talking non-stop until it set and until it rose once more. And in the godacious discourse he dealt with all the problems of life and death, joy and pain, love and hate, and he touched upon every part of everything from dust through heaven to the stars, arranging his argument as a sort of logical symphony attuned to the world's one complete turn of day and night. That was the legend.

At last, our six-hour rest drive to a shore.

The residents of our ship's company had in some degree lost their heads and lost their hearts at least to this land. Some cases were pathetic and some tragic. A surprising thing was that by no means attractive or young white women were invited to stay forever by Tobliss men. And, spoken of that, a French official informed me that an average of over one-third of married couples who stayed there became separated.

Simple as children and ignorant as children, these natives apparently broke their hearts with grief one moment and are hilariously forgetful the next.

When the gap widened between our ship and the wharf, when embracing and kissing couples had been torn desperately apart, then, to quiet miscomprehension, was uttered the haunting, heartrending song of farewell. Across the widening water it dissolved into domestic flowers were thrown into that repeating notes, tokens of love that had gone.

A man near me at the ship's rail waved his last gift of flowers while tears streamed down his face. Finally, he threw them towards the palm-fringed shore and buried his face convulsively in his arms. I walked away.

"In this world," he mumbled to me, "there is only one Tobliss."



"Stand back, give him air!"

When he died he was placed on a funeral pyre; later a beggar made a staid and solemn claim.

ANTHONY STRONG



THE PRINCE WHO DIED TWICE

THE street sweeper of Jeydelapur, in the principality of Bhawal, plying himself busily to his task, looked up curiously as a shadow crossed his path. At first glance, he saw merely a Sanyasi, a member of a creed-dwelling holy cult—a man who wore only a loin cloth, and whose body was smeared with ash. Such men are not an uncommon sight in Bhawal, and the street sweeper prepared to go about his business.

Then, prompted by something greater than curiosity, he looked at the Sanyasi again—and his eyes widened with awe. Turning, he fled down the street, crying loudly as he ran.

"Our prince is back. He who died many years ago, is once more availing us!"

With no distance between him and the Sanyasi, he stopped, and was immediately surrounded by a shouting crowd.

"Is a Prince Roy?" he asked excitedly.

"See him there! The Sanyasi is our long dead prince."

The spectators' eyes followed his pointing finger, but they saw merely a dirty, bearded holy man.

"The man is only a dirty beggar," they cried, "and he who cleans the streets is mad."

"It is he," replied the street sweeper. "Let him who doubts it come with me!"

They followed him with skepticism, showing plainly in their eyes. But as they approached the Sanyasi, they too felt deep awe. Truly the man bore a resemblance to their dead prince, but there were drawbacks still.

Now, they asked, was this man to be the ruler of Bhawal? Twelve years before—in May 1, 1908—they had mourned the passing of Prince Roy. May it then, indeed, had followed the corpse through the streets and had seen the body placed on the funeral pyre.

"Remember!" asked the street sweeper. "Remember how it seemed and we who watched found shelter! Remember how, after the passage of two hours, we returned to find the

body of the prince gone? Now, we searched and found nothing of it!"

"Yes, we remember. But do not forget that the next day the body was found and cremated. Let us ask the Sanyasi himself whence he comes!"

They went closer, and when they reached the man's feet, even the doubters fell back in awe.

"It is!" came a cry. "It is truly the Prince!"

The Sanyasi said nothing. But the people of the city had much to say, so did the brother-in-law of the late prince, who informed the British authorities that a man pretentious to be the dead Prince Roy had entered the streets. He pointed out, too, that Prince Kisser Samadhi Nayyar Roy had been killed by an assassin twelve years before, had died, and had been succeeded in the Bhawal nation. Moreover, he produced a death certificate signed by a British medical officer.

The brother-in-law was not dissuaded in attempting to prove that Prince Roy was dead, for he had been charged by the widow with the conduct of the affairs of State, and the collection of taxes.

True, the principality was not so rich as the State of Hyderabad, whose ruler had a yearly income of Rs. 4,000,000, but neither was it as poor as Benks, whose ruler lived in a palace of Rs. 500 annually.

To the prince of Bhawal, each year, came an income of £200,000, for so the leading family in the British Royal district, Roy and his ancestors had owned the estates of Bhawal for ten generations. Thus, rule of the principality was an important—and now, a highly controversial—matter.

The widow, too, denied that the newspaper was her "dead" husband; and it is possible that, apart from any other factor, she was not over-enthusiastic in claiming relationship, for Prince Roy had hardly been the ideal husband, having shortly before his death invested a good deal of his income in the purchase of land—some desirable plots.

On the other hand, the prince's grandmother openly rejoiced in the

return of her grandson, and indicated certain physical likenesses common to both the prince and the Sanyasi. Certainly, the prince's sister is keen that the holy man was an impostor—a town that hardly fitted the case, for the Sanyasi had remained silent, except to say that he had lost his memory, and that he had been allowed to dwell with his fellow holy men.

The British, meanwhile, had declared that, lacking documentary evidence to support the case of the Sanyasi, it would continue to recognize the widow's husband as the nominal head of the State.

Suddenly, the newspaper announced that, while he did not recall his former position, he remembered that he had lived with his family at Jeydelapur, and with the encouragement of his father—if that relationship indeed existed—he rode through the city on an elephant publicly claiming himself to be the true prince of Bhawal.

To say Western men it would have been a case for the rather manically-minded police, added and elevated by an equally restlessly-minded court, or body of the same. Possibly, also, the critical side of a very advanced science would have been brought to bear. But such complications ceased when up to the long advantage in the result which has been afforded the Oriental mind. After all, when you have taught succeeding generations of people how infidelity that they do to be born again, and that the wheel of life, which revolves incessantly, cannot stand down into the dust to bring up, as we come, a man, well, anything may happen.

Consequently, instead of looking on him as the old Holy Man and his close, they were at least fully prepared to believe that he was, indeed, a resurrection of their lost prince. Not only that, but they were ashamed to believe that such a resurrection was not only possible, but was the natural thing to occur. Now those folk would behave confronted with, say, the double of a film star. It is hard to imagine the physical likeness viewed in the light of their peculiar beliefs, was sufficient to gain their credence that the missing prince

had been returned to earth by what-
ever Powers supervised these things.
The consequent incoherence to the
hears and rumors of the royal estate
were something to be adjusted to the
superstitious folk. Anyway, the claim
stood in their eyes.

Moreover, the reincarnated Prince
had more value than the crowned
ruler, since he had experienced the
most of the supreme mysteries of life. He
could reasonably expect benevolence
from royal devotees, and a greater
measure of enthusiasm from his
people than he had heretofore re-
ceived.

The plaintiff was dove, and the
challenge was accepted. In 1896 be-
gan a series of hearings that were to
last over 21 years, and in which 260
people were called to give evidence
for both sides, in which the printed
testimony was to run into 25 volumes,
and over 200 exhibits, including 194
photographs, were to be introduced,
and in which over 1000 witnesses
were to be heard.

And the result of which was to
prove that the most successful people,
from the financial aspect, were the
lawyers who eventually carried the
case to the highest court of appeal
in the British Empire, the Privy
Council.

On one side was the Raja and her
brother, whose chief asset was the
death certificate issued by the British
medical officers. On the other was
the "reincarnated" prince, backed by
authoritative testimony that his late
of memory was far from being an
unprejudiced case in medical his-
tory.

The claimant told, too, of how, as
he lay almost dead on the funeral
pyre, a sudden shower had ex-
tinguished the flames—an event he
had learnt from the holy man who
had lifted him from the pyre, fed
him, and allowed him to live with
them. Then, for twelve years, he had
wandered from town to town as a
severely ill baby, till he pre-
sented medical men to prove that his
"dead" condition was identical to
madness, while other experts as-
serted his body to check scars received
during his childhood.

From this mass of contradictory

evidence, the Indian Courts upheld
his claim, and Kumar Ramesh
Murtov Roy was declared identical
with the thirteenth Swamy.

It was 1917 before the case reached
the High Court of Calcutta, which
restored to the "dead" prince his
full rights as the ruler of Bhawal.
Able now theoretically to enjoy the
honours accorded to the title, he was
yet unable to enjoy peace of mind
and the knowledge that his future
was secure, for the Raja turned to
the Privy Council, to the last instanc-
ing that the claimant was not his
husband.

The final shot was fired in 1918
when the Privy Council gave a ver-
dict in favour of the prince.

But the amazing story of the man
who returned from the dead was still
not complete. For the prince who
had for 21 years sought to prove his
right to the throne of Bhawal, and
who for 12 years before that lived as
the meagre peasant that comes to
India's notice, began, died four
days after the end of the most ex-
pensive battle in the land history of
the country.

His death was due to a lung
hemorrhage, but that time, before he
was placed on the funeral pyre, his
death was cracked and the coronation
took place before 200,000 persons.

Now much of this almost incredible
story remains to be told? Was the
Swamyman indeed the Prince of
Bhawal? Yes, the Privy Council
had confirmed his title to the throne
—but at the time of the prince's
second death, the King's signature
had not been offered to the Privy
Council's decision.

Further, the fate of India, as the
fate of the throne of Bhawal, is at
the moment. The presigality, un-
like most other Indian states whose
properties have been split up, is
still in control of one family. And
that family is still divided, with the
Raja and Prince Roy's younger
brother, Ramesh, equally certain
that each is the rightful heir to the
throne.

If a scholar is loyal to the prob-
lem of India, it might also provide
the answer to Bhawal's final con-
fusion.



ECONOMICAL AND

COMPACT



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 43)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.A.

WITH current high costs of building, and restrictions on the size of houses, economy in layout and construction costs are probably the most important ruling factors in home planning to-day. For those who find it unprofitable to delay their building until brighter times, ambitions have to be curbed and plans severely con-

trolled to comply with these two considerations.

Newadays it is not so much what is desirable, but what can be obtained for the money, and reduced to fit into the permitted area. Room sizes are reduced to a minimum and frills and fancies discarded in their entirety.

Cavalcade here presents, as a val-

uable, a plan that is definitely designed to suit these troubled times. It is a three-bedroom house, with room sizes reduced to the absolute minimum for comfortable living, and no waste space.

Planned for a footprint of 80 feet, this house would cost \$2215 at the rate of \$280 per square.

In order to add interest and to increase the living space, the house is planned around a paved court or outdoor living-room. This is covered with an open trellis, on which it is suggested that a deciduous creeper should be grown, providing shade in the summer, and allowing the winter sunbeams to filter through.

The entrance is across the terrace, and the entrance door opens into a central hall, from which access is pro-

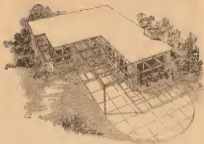
vided to every room in the house.

Two of the bedrooms are side by side, whilst the third is just across the hall. All three have ample built-in wardrobe space to compensate for their comparatively small floor areas.

One has become used to small rooms, especially bedrooms, with high building costs competing with regulations in piling off inches. This does not matter so much when properly planned clothes storage is incorporated in the walls. Built-in equipment also plays an important part in reducing the housework, eliminating awkward corners to get around and difficult cleaning behind and underneath.

The wardrobe are carried right to the ceiling, with storage space for suit-cases, blankets and such like in





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a special compartment above the height of an ordinary door.

Each bedroom has plenty of large windows. Here again the advantage of built-in furniture is evidenced, for, with the use of surface or individual units, window area has to be limited in order to leave wall space against which to stand the furniture.

The bathroom is placed so that it is within a few feet of the door of every bedroom. It is modern in its equipment, without being over-large or lavish. There is a separate shower room.

When restrictions are lifted or eased, the home would be considerably improved by the addition of a laundry containing shower room, basin and W.C., with direct access from the garden. This extra accommodation is always welcome in a fairly large enough to require these bedrooms.

Living and dining rooms are one, creating a spacious effect in the

small house. Two pairs of double doors open on to the terrace, while a large window at one end of the room provides a pleasant outlook on to the garden.

The fireplace definitely centres the activities of the living room section. It forms a focal point for the furniture layout suggested, and would serve the same function in any alternative layout.

With a flower box outside, great use could be made of the large window as a decorative medium. According to the planting, it could be made as and in itself, or a foreground to a more dramatic garden feature beyond.

The kitchen adjoins the dining room and at the dual room, and is fully fitted up in the modern manner. In order to conserve the floor area usually taken up by a laundry, a washing machine of the spin-dryer type is incorporated in the kitchen equipment.



Cavalcade's Picture Story

Cyclists Call It POLO

THE WALLAHs who gallop about with a pony and mallet probably think this is soccer; girls who ride bicycles think it's fun. If you analyze it, it's probably a cross between cycling, basket ball and football, at least. The result (pelo or not) is fast, exciting, and possibly dangerous or worse. In the photo above a quick twist of the handlebars blocks the ball.



THE FLYING HAIR is definite indication that this player is on the move at a reasonable pace. Standing on one pedal, ready to kick the ball, she is in the ideal situation for a good gateway. This is one of the difficult and spectacular movements of the new game.



THE BLONDE kicking the ball in the last picture here dribbles it down the field with further expert looks. She is punned by graciously the entire membership of both teams, and she looks dangerously like getting a goal. Cycle is coasting while she does this.



THE REFINÉE (no easy job) has a whistle in her mouth, and manages to keep up with the play without swallowing her whistle. Here she watches the play closely as the ball is taken towards a goal. Photo was taken in a split-second exposure while action was at high speed.



THE GOAL-KEEPER manages to avert disaster. All the furious pecking and kicking in previous pictures seems for nothing when she gets to work. She is the only member of the team allowed to dismount from her bicycle or use her hands. Note cycle on her feet.



CYCLE SOCCER it looks like, though they keep calling it polo. Here the referee of the match is catching the ball and throwing it back into the field—oh yes, she is allowed to get off her bike, too. University girls in the States are making cycle polo popular.



AND DON'T THINK there isn't danger. This isn't the only tangle in an afternoon's sport. Frequent spills are all part of the fun but the toughest part is getting the bicycle unscrambled afterwards. Scratches and bruises are commonplace—show us yours, will you?



Study by Royce

Theory of Living

The night with the boys
The lower end the pole
And the endless deep gauding of bachelors join—
Who would arrange

An exchange
Of such living
For the strange

Inkblot of social giving?
They talk of repression
From long lack of women

But here's a confession
For bachelors, divine
The dream of activity

Quick unbridled
(And with a proclivity
That nothing's prohibited)
Repression say back and women sleepable
Aviation's unknown,

To a new fire and amiable
Bachelors at heart
Have no glass and no part

For female society
Lounge room propriety,
But have quiet dignity

For the respect of joys and the widest variety
Are called, censored and frowned
When the floor is set

The games of the field, of the peddler's and bachelors
Are combs and woolly, separate beaches,
And for, for removed from the table and slow

Nights spent by inner man, away a show
And even your language, the richest of notes,
Is quiet by the women with tongue chiding frown.

So out with watchman
Ideas of synthesis
Necessity—drink to the boys and their wishes

And drinking
So thinking
Of no, though not with you—
I've been called by my wife
To help dry up the dinner!



MORRIS McLEOD

RETURN OF THE BAD MEN



STORY OF THE
PHOTOPLAY, STAR-
RING RANDOLPH
SCOTT, ROBERT
RYAN, AND ANN
JEFFRIES. AN
R.K.O. RADIO
PICTURE. ILLU-
STRATED BY
PHIL BELBIN ~

GIRL OUTLAW, SHY ANN
IS AN OUTLAW'S MESSEN-
GER TO HIS GANG ~~~

BILL DOOLAN SENT ME /
HE'S GOT HIS EYE ON A
LITTLE BANK ~~~



THE BAD MEN PROTEST
AT HAVING A GIRL AMONG
THEM, BUT SHY ANN IS A
MESSENGER FROM A
POWERFUL MAN ~~~

BUSTIN' BANKS IS MEN'S
WORK ~



~~~~~ SO THE BAD MEN  
DECIDE IT'S BEST TO DO  
AS SHE SAYS. SHE  
LEADS THEM TOWARDS  
THE TOWN OF BRAXTON



THE WHOLE TOWN OF  
BRAXTON IS ON THE  
MOVE. VANCE CORDELL  
IS AUCTIONING HIS STOCK  
TO TAKE WIDOWED MADDIE  
TO CALIFORNIA.



WILL YOU BE SATISFIED  
TO LIVE AWAY FROM  
HERE, VANCE?



MADDIE, DAUGHTER OF  
BANK MAN JOHN PETTIT,  
TELLS HER FATHER THAT  
SHE AND CORDELL ARE  
GOING TO CALIFORNIA BUT ~



~~~OLD JOHN PETTIT HAS  
TO COLLECT MONEY OFF
THE EXPRESS TRAIN TO
PAY THE BANK'S
COMMITMENTS BEFORE
IT CLOSSES ITS DOORS.



THE OUTLAW GUN, SHY
ANN, ARRIVES AT THE
BANK SOON AFTER
PETTIT'S MONEY. PRE-
SENTS A MESSAGE FOR
THE MANAGER ~~~~~



"WHO IS BURY INTER-VIEWING SOME CLIENTS, BUT NOT TOO BURY TO READ THE WARNING OF A COMING HOLD UP!"

THE BAD MEN ARE ON THE WAY!



MADGE'S SON, JOHNNY, COMING IN FROM PLAY, SEES WHAT IS HAPPENING AND GIVES THE ALARM!!



THERE ARE FIREARMS ON BOTH SIDES, AND THE ISSUE IS SHOT OUT!



THE WARNING IS UN-NECESSARY TO THE CLIENTS, WHO WANT ONLY THIS MOMENT TO PULL THEIR GUNS THEY KEEP FATTY AND MADGE COVERED!!



THE WHOLE TOWN OF BRAXTON IMMEDIATELY RUSHES TO SURROUND THE BANK. THE OUTLAWS TRY TO SPEED THEIR ESCAPE, BUT ~~~~~



MORE THAN A MESSENGER, SHY ANN FIRES AND SHE ESCAPES WITH THE BANK BAG! BUT SOMEBODY FIRES AT HER, WOUNDING HER IN THE ARM!



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Tek!



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PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

VANCE CORDELL CHASES AND CATCHES SHY ANN, WHO RAINTS. HE TAKES HER INTO THE SANCHE HOUSE OF HIS RECENTLY AUCTIONED PROPERTY...



CORDELL, SEEING WOUND REALIZES SHE WAS AMONG THE BANDITS. AN ATTEMPT TO HOLD HIM AT GUNPOINT FAILS WHEN SHE RAINTS AGAIN.



CORDELL NURSES HER, URGES HER TO GIVE HERSELF UP FOR HER PART IN THE HOLD-UP, BUT SHE SHAKES AT THE IDEA --



THERE'S NOTHING SMART IN BEING OUTSIDE THE LAW --

A POSSE, LOOKING FOR SHY ANN IS SIDETRACKED BY VANCE CORDELL, WHO KEEPS THE WOUNDED GIRL'S PRESENCE A SECRET FROM THEM --



I'LL KEEP MY EYE OPEN!

WHY DIDN'T YOU GIVE ME UP?
YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE YOURSELF UP --



ACCOMPANIED BY CORDELL SHY ANN RIDES TO GIVE HERSELF UP --

HOW'S THE WOUNDED ARM?

IT WILL GET BETTER IN GAOL --



Breks

THE GENTLE
SPORTS TROUSER



THE GENTLE
FOR A PERSON



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THE WORLD AGREES ON
"GILBEY'S
PLEASE"



DON'T SAY GIN

SAY

GILBEY'S

THE INTERNATIONAL FAVOURITE

WHY ANN'S BAD MAN FRIENDS
ARRIVING TOO LATE TO FIND
HER AT CORDELL'S RANCH,
TRY TO MAKE AN INDIAN
TELL HER WHEREABOUTS
TALK, BLAST YOU!



SADISTIC ROBBER KNOWN
AS SUNDANCE PROMISES
TO MAKE THE INDIAN
TALK --- OR ELSE



SUNDANCE FAILING TO
MAKE THE INDIAN TALK
SHOTS HIM IN COLD BLOOD



MEANWHILE --- I'M
LEAVING
YOU NOW TO GO IN ALONE
AND GIVE YOURSELF UP!



GOING ALONE VANCE
CORDELL IS CAPTURED
BY THE BAD MEN



SUNDANCE BRUTALLY
ASSAULTS CORDELL, BUT
EVEN HIS FELLOW BANDITS
DON'T USE HIS TACTICS



SAY ANN HAVING LEARNED WHAT THE OUTLAW HAVE DONE RETURNS TO CORDELL AND ASKS HIM TO GO WITH HER WHILE SHE GIVES HERSELF UP



SAY ANN GIVES HERSELF OVER TO THE LAW. SHE RETURNS THE BOND STOLEN FROM THE BANK AND CORDELL EXPLAINS HER CASE



MADGE WHOSE FIRST HUSBAND WAS SHOT WHILE UPHOLDING THE LAW FEARS FOR CORDELL'S SAFETY BUT HE REASSURES HER



MADGE STARTS ALONE FOR CALIFORNIA. CORDELL LEAVES FOR GUNNIE, THE NEW TOWN BEING BUILT NEAR BRACKTON



CORDELL IS ASKED TO BE MARSHAL OF THE NEW TOWN REFUSES BUT...



...AS CORDELL REFUSES THE OFFER A MESSENGER ARRIVES TO SAY THAT SUNDANCE HAS HELD UP A COACH



the "New Look"

moves into
the bedroom



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HE HAD TO SETTLE WITH
SUNDANCE, CORDELL ACCEPTS
THE POSITION OF MARSHAL.



CORDELL EXPLAINS THAT
HE MUST SETTLE WITH
SUNDANCE, PROMISES
THEN TO MARRY HER.



CORDELL NOW MARSHAL
GETS NEWS OF A SECOND
BANK HOLD-UP BY THE
BAD MEN.



MADGE BRINGS HER JOURNEY
TO CALIFORNIA AT THE NEW
SETTLEMENT TO SEE COR-
DELL, IS AFRAID OF HIS
SAFETY IN HIS NEW JOB.



SHY ANN IS TO BE PAROLED
JUDGE ASKS CORDELL TO
GIVE HER A JOB IN THE
MARSHAL'S OFFICE, SUGGESTS
MADGE LOOK AFTER HER.



AS CORDELL DEES WITH HIS
POSSE AFTER THE BAD MEN
HE IS UNAWARE THAT TWO
WOMEN LOVE HIM - AND
EACH WOMAN KNOWS IT.





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CINEMA



FOOL'S GOLD

★ LESTER WAY

He had it all right, but it was *managing* a risk to let them know about it in town.

GEORGE HIND knew better than to go to the Blue Hotel. He knew better than to go to Linsdale at all, but the town was there, and it was the only town within reach. In those days, it was a collection of ramshackle buildings, but in a way of road, and widely noted for lawlessness—just the place to go, if you wanted to be assaulted and robbed.

There were other hotels, of course, but, after he had skidded, slipped, and torn his way through filth

trails of people, then ended five miles in coming west, George was ready to accept the first haven that offered.

The barkeep glanced at the pug-nosed customer, and, shouldered his ordered a beer. That was all right; but, when he asked for a room, she hesitated, for even this place put some limit on the kind of people it entertained.

She was still hesitating when the mobster came into the bar. Under George's dropping eye, Barry swag-

need the successful prospector. "George Hard?" he cried. "I was wondering when we'd see you again. They tell me you struck it rich!"

"Hello, Barney," said George. "How about a room?"

"Take the best in the house! How long are you staying?"

"Just long enough to catch the Lee O' Gowee smelt."

"What! Leaving your claim?"

"Yeah, I've cleared it up. I'm not put on what I've got."

"They reckon you've been getting prospects as big as volcanos."

George grinned. "Not quite that big, I'll show you."

He unlocked the mouth of his tobacco bag, and took out a chevron-skin pouch. "Feel the weight of that."

Barney let the bag rest on his hand, and whistled appreciatively, while others in the bar gathered curiously around. George opened the pouch, and some of its contents dribbled on to his palm.

"Not as big as volcanos," he admitted.

All around him, men pressed forward, gazing, fascinated by glittering nuggets, gripped by the greed that only raw gold evokes.

"How you weighed it up? How much is that?" asked Barney.

"Aw, that's only the smallest bag. Look here!" Moving into his tobacco bag, George displayed two larger pouches. He dropped all three back. "I'll keep one on Easy Street for a few years."

Color upstaring, Barney said, "I wish you hadn't feathered those nuggets in the bar. That is besides, you know, you'll need to watch your step from now on."

Unperturbed, George said, "I needed to do that, anyway."

George occupied most of the next hour in the bathroom, shaving, scrubbing off the jungle dirt, and dressing in clean clothes. When he returned to his bedroom, the first thing he saw was a mass of blood curls.

The girl lifted her head. Her eyes were large, narrow, and blue, and her face was so pretty that it sent George's pulse racing; but it was hard. Her short skirt of black silk revealed very tempting knees.

George did not speak. He pulled the girl to her feet, and ran his hands, searchingly, over her tight-fitting blouse.

"Hey, what the—?" she started to protest, but George had already stuffed himself that, under the silk, there was a girl's firm body—and nothing else.

He stooped to the toilet-bag, which he had thrown into a corner, and took out three chevron-skin pouches. "I suppose you were looking for these?" he asked.

The girl gave him a crooked smile. "It would serve you right if I had stolen these, leaving them here like—"

"I can't guard them all the time," he said, putting the bags, carelessly, on the dressing table. "A man has to have a body, you know."

"Sure, but you don't have to bring all that gold here. What kind of map are you, anyway? Look down there! That's loaded! The Charstown! And you—you bring them full of gold nuggets right into the middle of it! Don't you know this town?"

George moved closer, and peered into her face. "Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm from Smart Street!" she snapped, impatiently. "Just call me Belle."

"What do you want? If it's not the gold, what are you after?"

"I—I suppose I'm a fool. I came here to warn you. For Pete's sake, get away from here! Get out of town while—while you can!"

"But, I don't see . . ."

She threw her arms around his neck. Her eyes pleaded with him, her vivid lips implored him, and her warm body fired his desire. "You don't know this place like I do," she urged.

"They'll never let you take that gold away—even if they have to kill you! Don't you see, your only chance is . . ."

The door crashed open. George and the girl swung round, startled, and faced a threatening soldier. A third man, his yellow face twitching, advanced toward them.

Belle retreated to the dressing-table, and looked around at

"Well!" asked George quietly.

"I suppose you know that's my wife



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you got in your bed-room?" sneered the man.

George stared into the study eyes. He knew the trick; it was as though, here, anyone could see through it. The man sneered the gold, but he was sure, the old trick, to tug into him into leading it away. George looked around at the dressing-table, and saw that Billie stood between the glasses and the bags. He saw, too, that her body was tense, and her eyes seemed to deny the man's charge.

"I don't know who she is, and I don't care," said George. "What do you want?"

The man flinched the girl. "I just want revenge, that's all. No man can play about with my wife, and live! I'm going to . . ."

"Have your breath," snapped George. "You are after my gold, aren't you? Well, you've got me covered, and I can't stop you taking it. It's in my pocket—here."

He pointed to the bag in the corner. A triumphant grin showed the man's yellow teeth, and his eyes lit up, so they followed George's gesture. In that instant, George's fist came down on the wrist that held the girl.

The blow turned the man's head, and the girl clattered to the floor. George's fist, set down up, and crumpled the man's breast with an impact that knocked out a tooth. It did not knock out the man, however. He lay on the floor, and snatched with him.

In the few seconds that they struggled, the man tried to bite George with his filthy, broken teeth, and he tried to smother an eye, with his grubbing thumb. At that, George lost patience, and brought his knee up into the man's stomach.

He loosened his grip, and raised George's head, and looked at his face, and drove him from the room. The man looked to the top of the stairs, with George following, still throwing punches. "There George shot a heavy blow to his jaw and as he staggered caught him, and then he drove the steps.

Billie was still in the room when he reached. The champagne-bags were still on the dressing-table, but Billie was holding the girl, gazing curiously at it. She looked up.

"I suppose you think—" she began, her eyes not meeting his. He didn't let her continue.

"I don't think," he said softly, bitterly. "I set on handkerchiefs, and they aren't often wrong. This one was."

"You think I came here to—to distract you?"

"I know damn well you did," he stopped. "It's an old trick. Funny how that dirty stuff always keeps on working, isn't it?"

She stopped wearily back, her hand came up, and the pistol in her hand jerked empty towards his abdomen as her finger curled round the trigger.

George knew it was loaded. He knew she couldn't miss even if she was a heavy shot, that if he dived on her he'd get a shot through the ball brace anyway.

She slammed the door and leaned with her back against it, looking at George. Her hand held out the revolver. "Take it," she said.

"I don't follow," George said. "I was told and at what you said," she told him. "I'd have killed you for that, except for your contempt for your dubious."

"Anyway, you'll need the gun. There's a leaky compass to some of the screws that are on the ground."

He took the gun, and tossed it onto the bed. "Are you his wife?"

"What? No—married to 'Twine.' Don't be so damned foolish. He's just a Charnow's rat. He snarled over cold, and climbed out of the sewer to try to get it."

Flashed, George searched her face. "It's against all reason, Billie, but I don't believe you are mixed up with him. What's your name? Why are you here?"

"You'd only laugh if I told you." Her voice was husky, as she looked away, out into the muddy street.

"Why not try it, and see?"

She did not answer at once. She still looked out at the welter of mud that was Essex Street. "Oh, I'm a sentimental fool," she whispered, at last. "I—I thought that if I warned you, if I helped you, maybe . . ."

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Sobranie Mixture Turkish. For smokers who prefer the choice of cigarette smokers, this pipe tobacco was still unadorned—who can still appreciate the finest tobacco leaf.

MADE IN LONDON SINCE 1870 BY SOBRANIE LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

Something like a blith fanged her cheeks, and she stepped.

"Go on. I'm not laughing." Instead, she flung herself again, in-to his arms. "Oh, forget it, George! Forget it! I'm just a fool! A silly damned fool—that's all!"

Her little body hugged him for one second, then she drew away. "What I really came to tell you," she said, suddenly calm, "is this. Benoit's got the strongest safe in town at his Trog-school. He'll let you keep your gold there, if— . . . But, don't do it! Don't say! Go down to Woodway Harbour, and among them all the best cover is. Anything . . ."

"Look here, Bette, you know more than you're telling me. Have you heard something?"

"What if I have? If you're sure enough to stay here, then don't put your gold in Benoit's safe. That's all!"

George shrugged. "I'll look after the gold in my own way, Bette, but I like you. Can I see you again, before—before I go South?"

The corners of her mouth curled wryly. "Can you see me?" She laughed harshly. "Oh, yes, you can see me! Anybody can see me—in Street-Card place down!"

The laugh seemed to catch in her throat, as she ran from the room, and George sat on his bed, and poked over. After a while, he went and glanced into his wardrobe, then looked it in his wardrobe. He stood his eyes on and in a corner of the room, took the pouch from the dressing-table, and went down to the bar.

Before long, a man loomed awkwardly against him, and nudged George of pulling his hair.

"Forget the hair," said George. "You are just looking for a fight!"

Two more closed up on George then.

"What are you waiting for?" George asked. "Should I slap your face, and call you nasty names?"

The first punch caught the side of George's head, and knocked him against the wall, and George slammed two more into his face before his men could rush in.

George dodged away. He saw an empty whisky case in the corner, and dived at it. All three were moving in

on him, when he lifted the case over his head, and crushed it into the face of the nearest. The man went down, and the others pressed in that moment of confusion, George singled one out, and poisoned.

He threw punches with such fury that the man backed away, not attempting to hit back. George slanted his blows faster and faster, kept him moving back, harrying and cutting his face. At the door, the man turned and ran.

George was walking here, when the third man sprang, throwing himself on George's back, trying to get a forearm across his throat. George caught both his hands, and held them in a clamp-like grip. He lunged forward, threw the man over his head, threw the door, and onto the head of his victim. He turned, walked, tidied on the ground, so George dragged him to the side of the foot-path, and tossed him into the sewage road.

As George returned to the bar, Benoit came up, grinning, showed a glittering row of gold teeth. "You can have a job at the 'school, if you want it," he said.

"Thanks," said George. "I need a drink, not a job."

"You'd better put that gold you're carrying in a safe place," Benoit suggested. "You won't get any peace till you do."

"That's what I reckon," said George. "How's your safe?"

"The best in town. You can see it, if you like."

"Good. We'll have a drink, and then go over and look the stuff up."

They went through a narrow lane, into a dark passage-way, and up some stairs. Benoit's safe looked impressively secure, so George deposited his three small bags among rows of Benoit's safe. "Now you can enjoy yourself," said Benoit. "Nobody will bother you, when they know your gold is locked up."

George went back to the hotel, and had dinner. While he was eating, darkness fell, and Benoit's Chinatown sprung into rampant life. A mother, many-colored, mostly villainous, crowd thronged the narrow streets. From the dining-room,

TU FU

"The Supreme Poet"

His children died from starvation . . . He died from over-eating!



MANY fascinating tales are told of Chinese people of old. Of how some recorded a *story* of perpetual immortality, or, *success*, and of how one met his death by drowning when he tried to embrace the notion of the Hoop in the river!

One of the most honored of all was Tu Fu, who lived in the eighth century. At fifteen his voice had crossed wide intervals, and that he decided it was time to leave home and learn something of the world. After ten years of wandering he went to Chongqing, for the Literary examinations, but failed.

Seven years later the Emperor invited all scholars to an examination, and Tu Fu, who had been below the ground, participated with his three great "poets" of irregular lines. For the next five years he enjoyed a good post until a rebellion drove the Emperor from the Dragon Throne, and forced Tu Fu into exile.

As soon as the new emperor was enthroned, Tu Fu hurried back to pay his respects, but on the way he was captured by brigands, and spent a year as their captive. Finally, liberated and in high life, he reached the Emperor, and was appointed official.

But he was soon in disgrace, and returned to his family in Kiangsu.

where he "suspended" there by disciples' roots and selling poetry. After many of his children had died of starvation, he got the wanderlust again, and recommenced his wanderings.

In 770 he was cut off by floods in a small temple for ten days. When he was rescued, the local officials gave a feast in his honor, and Tu Fu, "The Supreme Poet," died then over-eating!

Though Tu Fu may appear heartless to us, his failure to provide for his family is not so callous as it seems. Scarcity was unknown in China, then. Men neither of Chinese, in common with millions all over the world, were seeking security. The only difference is that today we can be sure of it . . . though Life Assurance. That is why those million Americans sacrifice their future well-being, and at the same time they add to the comfort of living to-day by placing their savings in Life Insurance. These are invested in harbors, farms and water bounds, home building and secondary industry, government loans and municipal securities. By doing so, the American Life Office gives their members that precious boon which Tu Fu never enjoyed . . . security.

(Advt.)

George went upstairs, and, a little later, he rattled with the noisy throng. He moved among them, till he came to Billie's open door.

"Hello," she smiled. "Coming in?" He stopped inside, and she closed the door. She was lifting her face, impulsively, when he said, "I want you to do something for me, Billie. I want you to look after those, until I am ready to leave town."

From his shirt he took three pale, chicken-skin bags, so flat the others that they could hardly be distinguished.

Billie looked at them, almost in fear, and when she looked back at George, there was a rust over her eyes. "You . . . you don't really mean it, George?"

"Of course I mean it. I'm tired of knocking men down every five minutes. I want a little peace."

"I know, but—but, why pack me?"

Ma, of all.

That's why. You are the last person in headland. These men-there would expect me to leave it with."

"Of course, but—Holy Christ, George! Aren't you afraid of a double-cross you?"

"Will you?"

She turned her head away, and her voice went husky. "No, I—I don't suppose I would."

"All right. Shave the stuff away, and all place—it doesn't matter where. I'll make it work your while." She dropped the bags into a drawer, and looked, questioningly, at George, but he was moving to the door. She let him out, and closed the door behind him. Then, she fell across her bed and cried.

George did not sleep that night. Rather unmuffled and alert, as the hotel's back verandah, he listened for the explosion that would blow open Roscoe's safe. He had no doubt that Roscoe would suit his own note, but in doing so, he would make a look out. He would really blow it open.

The explosion came, with the town very silent, and George went down into the dark innery, and searched out of sight, till the noisy throng came away.

They would open the bags in Roscoe's office. They would pour the contents out onto his desk, and they would find worthless rubbish. George

DELIGHTFUL THIRST QUENCHERS . . .

Many people who still favored liquors as an after-dinner drink—to be taken in small doses—will be pleased with this delicious, refreshing thirst quencher. Its unusual flavour, carefully compounded, will create a desire for the easy "long" drinks which can be mixed from Lochiel Liqueurs.



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wanted to know what they intended doing then.

Bonnie and two others came out, and what George heard of their conversation sent him pale. They knew Billie had visited him. Someone had seen him go into Billie's place. They thought she had warned him, that she had the gold, and they were going to force it from her. George ran to her room for the gun.

When he reached Billie's door, it was closed, but unlocked, and he heard Billie's voice thrumming her. He pushed silently through. One glance told him they had found the keys. Billie, cowering against the wall, in terror, was defiant, but toothed. Bonnie was flourishing a gun, and George had heard plenty about Bonnie's homicidal tendencies.

"Heads up!" He spoke sharply, and stepped inside. "Come out. All of you."

They whirled, and saw George's gun.

"Drop that gun, Bonnie!" The gun thudded onto Billie's carpet. At the same instant, a small, dark-skinned man threw a knife at George. He threw it with deft skill, barely missing his wrist, but the knife flew like an arrow.

George hadn't time to see the knife. He turned it only because he divined the purpose that threw it. He did not wait—step it, he simply threw himself out of the way when it was too late for the knife-thrower to alter his aim. Even then the blade whined past him unacceptably close, and pinned itself into the wall behind.

George fell to the floor, span himself round, and wrapped his arms around somebody's legs and pulled eagerly. A considerable weight fell on him, a heavy, hot and weightless weight. George pressed his knee into it with some pressure, and again, and again.

The leverage shouldn't have been used in the business of any lady, not even of a lady like Billie. But the sound of it gave George encouragement. He rolled over, saw a snoring man—winked these fairly close, and gave it the boot.

There wasn't much Billie could do. Bonnie had realized her potential,

realized, too, that he couldn't suspect her to use it on his side. He had gone over to her, taken her off balance as she snatched, and tossed her to the floor. Then he put his knee into her stomach, knelt on her, and waited for a chance to use his revolver. Evidently he didn't want any things to collect the dark-skinned character. He knelt there, and waited.

George could hardly say he saw them; he seemed to guess it so he started with his confident. He wrenched with the man, leaping to close, got a footing, and managed to drag himself upright, kicking up the dark-skinned man. Then, with a quick, strong shove, he toppled the man back. He reeled, caught his head against the ceiling and went back-wards on top of Bonnie.

It was all the time George wanted. He bent over readily into the wrist that held the gun, and Bonnie swore as the gun slipped from his un-aided hand. It was the last thing he did for a while, the next blow sent him out cold.

The little dark man, with reasons for a pride, was as George's back when Billie dragged herself, burned steel breathing, to her feet. She prodded the revolver up from the floor and jabbed it sharply into the little dark man's ribs.

"Go quietly," she said. Her voice was shrill with nervousness and lack of breath.

The little dark man let go his hold on George's wrist—Bonnie, still on the floor, grunted. George took the gun from the girl.

He exchanged a crooked grin as he said, "I thought you was to be taken care from you."

"If you'd been right about me you wouldn't be worrying about gone by now," she said. "God knows why I don't let you take your medicine."

George hadn't time to answer. The little dark man had reached back against the wall, plucked out the knife he had thrown there, and barred it at George again.

George didn't stop, then leapt at the dark man's back. There was a crunching sound as his heavy boot crashed into the wretched shin, and



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the man went down under George's feet. George jumped on him. He jumped on his toes, and the motion was still spinning when another body tumbled into the fray.

George had heard three voices, but there had only been two men in the room. The third, who must have gone out as George came in, returned, probably attracted by the noise. As he did, Billie screamed. The newcomer jumped over to her and wrestled from her surprised hand the revolver she still held.

George sprang at the man, kicked it away, and, with his hand, crushed the smoldering bomb.

As he did so, he noticed that Bonita was straining to his feet, and tried to dive on him. But he missed his footing, rolled, tripped and crashed against the opposite wall.

Billie threw her arm around Bonita's neck in an effort to bear him back. The little dark man and the newcomer both dived on her, and George went in.

The events of the following half-minute—for it could not have been longer—were a maelstrom, too many cooks were definitely spoiling the broth and the kicking and punching became uninteresting, so George realized, when he grasped a handful of flesh

which he recognized as definitely feminine.

He pulled himself out of the scum, and saw that two of his opponents were doing the same. They stood back, in a moment of arrested breathing, breathing heavily, looking at each other through eyes blood-shot with exertion. Billie and George were still struggling, so they came apart, Billie's police jacket ripped with a quick tearing sound, and fell away, showing her creamy skin.

As always, Bonita played safe. He sawed Billie's shoulders, and held her between himself and the remains of the gun. Her white flesh was his shield, as he backed to the door, where he released her, and vanished into the darkness.

"We've got to catch her!" cried Billie. "He's got the gold!"

Clad only in silk pyjamas, she led the way. Broad Street was deserted, now, and it was easy to follow Bonita's flight, for his steps were heavy.

Usually, in overtake him, they kept close behind, and Bonita ran toward the river. There, they knew, he had a refuge—just and, sure as it, he would be beyond their reach. They heard him clatter onto the jetty, and George leapt ahead of Billie. Bonita was stooping, resting off the gasper, when George reached the jetty.

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He sprang erect, hanged at George, and met George's hand flat. It stopped another blow to his skin. Rosette staggered back to the very edge of the jelly. His arm moved grotesquely and as he tried to regain his balance, before toppling into the water.

George and Billie shared in silence, waiting for him to come to the surface. They stood motionless, till the ripples on the dark water smoothed out, and all was still.

"It's your gold!" whispered Billy. "It dropped him straight to the bottom."

"Something dragged him down," said George.

They waited a little longer, but there was no movement, and no sound. Billie shivered. George put his arm around her, drew her soft body close to him, and they started back toward town. At the Star Hotel, they stopped, but Billie seemed closer.

"The Lees of Georgia make tomorrow marriage, Billie. What about coming with me?"

"But, your girl! It's at the bottom of the river!"

"I've still got a few quid!"

"Oh, George, you are a fool! You know the sort I am!"

George looked at her steadily, and under his gaze her cheeks were flushing and her eyes steady. He opened his mouth to say something, but he didn't know exactly what it

ought to be. He shut his mouth again and kept looking at her, looking, and thinking of all that had happened since he first detained her.

"Yes," he said slowly at last, "I know the sort you are!"

A sob escaped from her, and she turned and ran from him along the street. Her heels clicked halfly on the pavement.

George strode quickly after her, grabbed her by the soft upper arm and spun her to face him.

"What do you want now with my son?" she asked, attempting defiance.

"I know you say the sort I am trust. That's why I want you!"

When she spoke next, her voice was small and wistful. "That—that is what I was hoping for, when I came to your room to-day, but . . . Oh, George, do you think I can make you happy?"

For answer, he lifted her in his arms, and carried her up the back stairs, to his room. There, she held her arms to him, eagerly.

"Just a minute. There's something I want to show you first."

He took up his ring and twirled it. "I'm fed up, leaving you call me a fool all the time," he said. "Have a look at these!"

On to the bed, he tossed three more champagne-diamonds. They looked exactly like the others, but they were a good deal heavier.

THE END

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Talking Points

● **COVER GIRL:** When Joan Peters got her big Hollywood break in "Captain from Castile", where she stars with Tyrone Power. An opportunity any girl would like—but Joan's been a maid, Joan's mother, having watched her lovely and talented daughter shoot to the top, has announced that she doesn't think Hollywood is good for Joan, and the young star has been taken home again. With Country-Pete, who gave her the big check in "Captain from Castile", are hopeful that Miss Peters will change her mind, even yet.

● **HARVEY:** Those who read Bill Stacey's "North of 30" got a glimpse of a colorful life lived fully in the great open behind Australia's coastal civilization the rugged stretches of Queensland and the Northern Territory. This was the story of a man who had done almost everything you could do in the bush, who knows Australia and its aborigines as few men do; who had been Protector of Aborigines through the war years, and who could write all his reminiscences in many books. He has published half a dozen volumes, has more in preparation. From Darwin, where he is living in retirement, he is writing for CAVALCADE, the first of his articles which appear from time to time, is on page 34 this issue.

● **TALK:** John Peltier had a job in a book-binding office, and got to doing some bookbinding. Naturally, he drew on what he heard from one of his more experienced friends for "Talk, Sir?" on page 32 this issue. John re-

calls that if book-binding were all sitting in the sun between direct it would be a lovely life. But he has many stories to prove that behind the wheel of a taxi, you always can make

● **MOORE:** You may notice that it takes you longer to read CAVALCADE this month. Reason: after a good deal of experimenting a new type face has been brought into use. It isn't any harder to read, but it enables more reading to be packed into the space. And don't forget that come next issue, you're likely to see some new features in addition to those CAVALCADE now publishes, and they'll make you the traditional contented reader if anything can.

● **NAMBLESS:** Occasionally you get a good story, the sort of thing you like to know about, telling what really happens in storybook cases. When you get there, there is usually a drawback. The people who have had those experiences don't want to have their names mentioned. Well, we made that bargain with a very charming woman who, in middle life, discovered that her old age would be pretty handy too—she learned on a bargain basis (page 35). Just thought we'd mention that, apart from dropping her name according to the bargain, the story's true enough, and the more interesting for that reason.

● **OBOLING:** Very charming and very skilful was Harold Schwartzman, who is a tiny ripper of the story on page 13. Harold lives a normal, happy life, with his wife and family, has done very well in show business.

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